

THE TINCKER OF TURVEY.

his merry Pastime in his passing
from BILLINGSGATE to
GRAVESEND.

The Barge being Freightd with Mirth,
and Mann'd

*Trotter the Tincker.
Tinker, a Cobler.
Thumper, a Smith.
Sr. Rowland a Scholler.
Blythe a Sea-man.*

And other Mad-merry fellows, every One of
them Telling his Tale: All which Tales are full
of Delight to Reade over, and full of
laughter to be heard.

*Every Tale-Teller being Described in a
New Character.*

The Eight severall Orders of Cuckolds, mar-
ching here likewise in theyr Horned
Ranks.

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THE TINKER HAMMERS OVT AN

Epistle, to all Gentlemen, that loue

Lattin, to all Strowling *Tinkers*; And

to All the braue *Mettle-men* that Trauell
on the Hoofe, with a *Dog*, and a

Doxie at's Tayle.



Inck, Tinck, Tineck, Tineck, Tineck;

Roome for a *Tinker*, a ratling *Mettle-*
man, a *Hole stopper*, a *Kettle-Drum-*
beater. Heere comes *Trotter of Tux-*

sey, Arm'd with his Budget, Bung-
Dagger, New-pinne and Hammer,
that has *Lattin* in his Pouch, yet ne-

uer to mend *Grammer*. Many a Countrey haue I be-
strided, many a Towne trotted ouer, in many a dirty
Faire bin drunk, many a *Tinkers* Trull haue I bum-
fiddled, & left the *Knaue* her walking-mate, snoring on an
Ale-bench. Many a paire of greasie *Cards* haue I
rofs'd ouer at *Trump*, by a toasting *Sea-cole* fire from
Morning to Night; my Curie at my feet, my *Dr-*
by my side, and shall I not now bee admitted to

A 2

gabble

The Epistle.

gabble in Tinkers Rhetoricke, (*Tara-ring-sink?*) I will please you, though I beat out the bottome of a Kettle, for the Parish Kettle-Drum, was my intention, and all Musicke came from the Hammer. Is not a Tincker a rare fellow then? He is a Scholler, and was of Brazen-Nose Colledge in OXFORD: an excellent Carpenter, for hee builded Copper-Smiths Hall: He is a Doctor too, can cast any water out of a skillet, that is crazye, and set him vpon his legges againe. A Souldiers March, was taken from the sound of my Bason, when I beate an Allarum on the bottome of it, with my nimble-rapping Hammer, which to me is a Drum-sticke. Be you all then, (my Brother-strowlers, and Padders on the High way,) as Iouiall as I am. Liues not a merry-man longer than a sad? Has not a Tincker lesse care than a *Tamberlaine* the Great? Is not an houre in honest mirth, worth a Vintners Hoghead (that has no doings) full of Melancholy? Why were Tayernes painted with red Lattices, but to tell Gallants there's high-colour'd Wine within; And why has a Tinkers face a Vermillion Nose, but to shew, that he loues that Ale-house best, which washes his Cheekes with the strongest Nippitary. For, I (*Trotter* the Tincker) haue beene sowc'd ouer head and eies in the Mediterranean Sea of *Metheglin*, and all other sorts of Liquors: As Ale? The Antenticall drinke of *England*, the whole Barmy-Tribe of Ale-Cunners neuer layd their lips to the like. The best that euer wash'd my throat, was at an old fat Hostesse of mine, called mother Twattle-bum,

The Epistle.

bum, at the signe of a Tinker whipping the Cat: of her Ale, the custome was to set before me two little Noggins full, and then she bad me take heed, how I angred her Waspes, for soure of them would sting my Braines to death: and shee sayd true, for no Ale that euer I lick'd my Lips at, was like it: yet I haue thrust into my Guts Dagger-Ale, Steele-to-Ale, Pistoll-prooffe-Ale, Pimblico-Ale, Mother-Bunches Ale, Labour in vaine Ale, *Darby* Ale, Ale of *Gottam*, (which make the men there, Fooles) I haue drunke double-lanted Ale, and single-lanted, but neuer gulp'd downe such *Hypocresian* Liquor in all my life. I asked her who brew'd that *Nectar*, whose Malt-worme so nibled at my Peticranion; and she said her selfe; for old Mother *Elianor Rumming* was her Grandam, and *Skelton* her Cozen, who wrote fine Rimes in praise of her High and Mighty Ale.

But now to the Tinkers Tales, which were told in the Barge betweene *Billingsgate* and *Grauesend*: Herein following the steppes of old *Chancer*, (the first Father of *Canterbury*-Tales:) These comming as farre short of his, as Bragget goes beyond the Pigs wash or small Beere. If I knocke any words out of ioynt, lay the blame on the Tinkers Hammer, which in mending and stopping one hole, thrusts out the Kettles thin bottome, with his Thumb, and makes two.

Here's a Gallimawfry of all sorts: The wayting Wench has lests to make her merry, and Clownes, plaine dunstable Dogrell, for them to laugh at, till their Leather buttons flye off.

A Farmer sitting in's Chayre, and turning a Crab

The Epistle.

in the fire, may here picke out a Tale, to set his
Chops a grinning till his belly akes. Old wiues, that
haue wedded themselues to *Robin Hood*, *Clim a*
the Clough, *Tom Thunub*, *Fryer* and the *Boy*,
and worthy *Sir Isenbras*, may out of
this Budget finde something to
maintaine a Gossiping :

Mum then for

that.

Fall to and so Fare-

well.

THE



ATABLE OR THE
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following.

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Of a rich Country Pedlar, cozen'd by a Butcher, a Currier, and a Cobler, and he deceiving those three againe.

2. The Coblers Tale.

Of the Prior of Canterbury, and a Smith of Saint Austins.

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Of a Scholler, of Cambridge abus'd by a Wench he loued and his reuenge upon her.

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- 5 *An Extempore Cuckold.*
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- 8 *An Antedated Cuckold.*

THE



THE TINKER OF TURVEY.

OR,
Canterburie Tales.



Setting in the Barge at Billingsgate, ex-
pecting when the Tide should serve for
Gravelond, divers Passengers (of all
sorts) resolved whether to goe downe:
At last, to beginne ebbe, and then they
cryed a way, when I sawe the Sayles,
though I was resolved to goe in a Tilt-
boat, yet seeing what a crew of good Companions went in
the Barge, and perceiuing by the Wind there was no feare
of Raine, I step'd into the Barge, and sat by my seat a-
mong the thickest. Which that, the Barge was put from
the Sayles, and hauing a strong ebbe, becom much Raine-
water had saile helpe, they went the more merrily downe,
Scarce had we gotten beyond Saint Kathelines, but a Per-
ry of Wind blew something loud, so that the Watermen
hoyed by Sayles, and layd by their Sars from labour.

Being thus under Sayle, and going swiftly downe, it
made vs all merry, insomuch every man began to say what, some
of one thing, some of another, all of my selfe, many of Huane-
ry. As thus, every man was saying, I thus & so way the time
pleasantly, a Tinker of Turvey, being in the Barge to so-

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lace himselfe rather than any other, set out a thront and fell
a singing, playing very handsomely, first on the bottoome of
a small Kettle with his Hammer: His voyces (though a
Bale) was so good, so lowd, and so pleasing, that all held
their tongues and listned to him.

The Tinkers Song.

Here sits a Iouiall Tinker,
Dwels in the Towne of Turney,
I can mend a Kettle well,
Though my Humors are but scuruy:
Yet will I sing,
Tara-ring, Tara-ring, Boyes,
Recome for a Iouiall Tinker,
He stop one hole, and make three,
Is not This a Noble Tinker?

The Musicks of my Kettle,
Beare sound, which forth is sending,
Makes fine Girles cry, come Tinker come,
We ha many holes lacke mending,
Yet will I cry, &c.

We are the merriest fellows,
That by a Trade get monneys,
And when we poice vp broken wares,
We are pay'd by pretty Cunnays,
Yet will I sing, &c.

From Faire to Faire wee Amble,
Our Dexies pranking by vs,
And haue whole Chanders of strong Ale,
When any Tinkers spy vs,
Yet will I sing, &c.

The

Canterburie Tales.

3

The Marches which each Morning,
Our Hammer-heads are beating,
Make Girles thinke, Tinkers well can strike,
And long for such a Heating.

Yet will I sing, &c.

The Viall, Lute, Bandora,
The Kir, welsh Harpe, and Citterne,
Make not the Wenches so looks out,
As does a Tinkers Gitterne.
Yet will I sing, &c.

The Bafon euer ringing,
When Baudes and Whores are caried
Is to my Pan, that Hellish din,
To heare which, Feinde haue started.
Yet will I sing, &c.

Here, a gust came, and stop'd this Tinkers mouth, but
faire weather shewing her face presently, my Masters (qu.
he) I haue begun our Cranstons voyage with a Song to
the Tunes of my Bettle; if any man will follow me, loo him:
if none will, lets passe away the time in telling of Tales,
and because I thinke most of be are for Canterbury, we will
call them Canterbury Tales: Agreid cryed all: who shall
begin: Who but the Tinker (quoth one) because tis his
stowe motion: herupon, (lustily first hearing his Bettle)
he settled to begin: but first behold the Picture of this Tin-
ker.

The Description of the Tinker.

IT was a sturdy Lowne,
His blacke Locke s dangling downe,
Curld, and Knotty, murreld beard,
To maken Country Fooles afraid,
Grimy face, all smattered ore.

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His tan'd hide tough as wild Boare,
 His broad backe, Letherne Pileh did couer.
 A greazy bonnet hung his eyes ouer,
 By his side, a whinyard hung,
 A Budget fastened with a Thong
 And brazen Buckle, wherein are
 All his Tooles, and Finkery ware,
 Like a Souldiers Knap-sacke, round
 A crosse his shoulders was py-bound.
 That he lap'd strong nappy Ale
 Shew'd his Nose, that nere look't pale.
 For he crimson'd it so well,
 It glisson'd like a Carbuncle,
 His Tobaccocke cou'd Smiff,
 Whose smoke he out would puffe,
 In Clunches eyes, and if they grumbled,
 Them into the Mire hee tumbled,
 Many a Purse from many a Swaine,
 Had he thrasht, on Salisbury Plaine,
 With no noyse can his Tale be drown'd,
 For hee on Kettle it does sound.

The Tinkers Tale.

Of a rich Country Pedlar, being Cozen'd by three, and deceiuing them againe.

Not farre from Gottom in Nottinghamshire, in a Village dwelt an old rich Pedlar, that had be'd to sell Wares, at most of the Fairres round about in those Countreies. In his House he kept no body but a good Witting nimble-tongu'd Wench, of some 30. yeares old, to whom he promised all he had when he dyed, for looking so well to his House and him, her name was Gillian.

Shee, græuing to see the good old Pedlar, every day to harneesse himselfe, with a Pumper and other Tromperies (yed

to his backe, and in a high paire of clouted flurrups to trot
outwite, to so many Fairres and Parkes, counsell'd him to
buy a good strong lusty Horse, to carry him, and his lug-
gage. And so both to ease his body, and lengthen his life;
soz sthence he had money enough, this would not much hurt
his estate. He layd carefull Gillian o'the lips soz her lear-
ned, and Physicall Counsell, and said he would doe as she
wist'd him.

The next day, there being a Faire where great Hoze of
Horses were to be sold, the old Pedlar trammels on foot,
with good Hoze of money in his Purse, with intent to come
home againe, with moze ease than he went sozth, and then
to say, God a mercy Horse.

Purblind he was, and hardly could he ludge, eyther of the
Colour or Conditions of a Beast, but men wandzing to see
him passe, to buy a Pancer, that neuer had befor an Horse
in his life, many offered in good will to helpe him, least the
sneaking Horse-couriers and Hackney-men should cozen him,
And so by their advice, he bought a pretty handsome Horse
soz chide and cheery Hobies.

Thise mad colts, that had watched the Pedlar, still as he
beat his Market, (The one was a Butcher, the other a
Carrier, and the thire (one of the Gentle Craft) a Cobler)
layd their heads together, how to get this Horse from the
old mopsey'd Pedlar: tis impossible said two of the Conny-
catchers, but the Coblers wit, being made of reaching Lea-
ther, told them, that the Butcher had no moze braines than
a Calfe, (but not halfe so good,) and that the Carriers con-
ceit, ranke like new Wax and Leather; if they would ioyne
with Mounseur Cobler, he would elap such a patch on the
Pedlars shoulder, that they shold would cozen him, and share
the Beast amongst them: Hold quoth one! So moze but
thus said the Wolemender, let us all chide part, and be distant
one from another some quarter of a Mile, in the way that he
is to ride, and falling into some by-talke with him, blow the
Horse well, and say tis a handsome Pare, thats all, and
mata.

mainteine it to be a Mare, for I know his old salish Pedlar Conditions, and then se what followes upon this.

They thre part: and first, the Butcher saluting the Pedlar as he rode, enquired how the Market went at the Faire, marry sayes the Pedlar, all things very deare, and thereforse I bought nothing but this beast; what thinke you my Horse cost me: Which Horse sayes the Butcher: This on which I ride, answered the Pedlar: Alas Father (quoth the other) you are cozen'd this is a Mare: a very Mare: a Mare, quoth the Pedlar: You haue good skill in Horse flesh and so rode away, laughing aloud at the Butchers simplicity.

Then the Pedlar overtaking the Currier, who sayd of purpose for him, on the High-way, and spying him come, did then set forthward, blisse you Father cryed the Currier, from whence come you: From the Faire (quoth the old Pedlar,) you haue a pretty Mare vnder you sayes the other: hoi: A Mare: Put on your Spectacles, loked better vpon't, take your eyes in your hands, and you shall finde tis a Horse, (sayes the old Pedlar.) So am I, as you an Ass replied the Currier, And away spur'd the old Lad, wondering to see men so out of their wits, but remembering with himselfe, they were Gortam bred, he car'd the lesse, and knew for all his dimmette of sight, he could not be so misaken. Next, he spyed a third man, in the High-way before him, and that was the Cobler, whom overtaking, O Gaffer Pedlar, (sayes the Cobler) this is strange to see you mounted, you haue bene at the Faire, any good doings there: Any fine Girdles there! Any Roze of Rigs there: How goes Leacher! What lusty coyle kape they there! Nay (quoth the Pedlar) I loked after no cyles, no Rigs, no Solwes, no fine Girdles nor I; all that I minded was my selfe, and my Horse, that I bought there: well said Father, can you seee your poore friends in your old Age: See: Why? Why sayes the other: It is not a seee to tell me you haue bought a Horse, when tis as platine a Mare, as you and I are a man: What trade art thou, quoth the Pedlar: A Cobler said he, so I thought (said the

the Pedlar,) blyth the houn, set thy Coxcombe of an by-
right last, liquo: thy byaines better, patch up thy wits, boze
a hole o: two moze in thine eyes, then list by my Hoxles
tyle, and with thy Hoxle tell me whether it be a Spare o: a
Hoxle.

The Cobler (being a fellow that would sweare any thing)
rap'd out an oath, and swoze it was a Spare; Alas Father
(said he) why should I sweare? What Rogues are these
to cozen you! To cheat an old man! Oho! As I am true
Cobler and an honest man, this beast is a Spare, a mere
flea-bitten Spare, and nothing but a Spare. Swearst thou
(quoth the Pedlar) and is it a Spare? Where are mine eyes?
But alas, I am purblind: I now begin to smell that I am
ridden like a Jade, for two men besides you, told me it is a
Spare: a Spare eyes the other, as I am true Cordwainer,
body and bones. If I saye the Pedlar it be a Spare, I would
not ride her for all the Coines in Nottinghamshire, for I ne-
uer bestrad any one Beast in my life but a Spare, and ri-
ding through a Market Towne, the Becons-hoxles leapt me
as if I had borne a Spare; one with his fore-legs, straddled o:
nor my Shoulders, another gaue me thre pails on the head,
my Skull was crack'd, and I taken by for dead; when I
came to myself, I wissh I might breake my necke, when
next I backt any Spare; And for feare my wits ouertake me
before I get home, (being not farre) here honest Cobler,
take my Spare, ride her, run her, spur her, and hang her; I
knowe the when I see the againe, and pay me when thou list-
est thy tyme, what thou thinkest that's worth. Pay sayes the
Cobler, come the next Market day to Gottam, there I dwell,
my name is Yerker, (the onely Cobler of Gottam) and you
shall not lose much by the Beast. A match cryed the Pe-
dlar. Away rides the Cobler to his Companions, who
laughing at the old Tales simplicity, and what an Ass
they had made him, sell the Hoxle and share the money.

The Pedlar being come home, his Wif clapping her
hands with admiration to se him (as she said) come moaping
home

home on foot; what bought you, at the Faire? I bought (said he a Horse) a Horse (quoth she) where is he? Is he put to graffe already? You haue sent him to run on the Diuels Commons, haue you? Peace Gillian (quoth he) I would haue pawn'd all the Bedlary packes, that euer I carried, I had bought a pretty Horse, payd for a Horse, rode him for a Horse, but thre senerall men on the High-way, one after another, far'd me downe it was a Mare, and I fearing some mischefe might fall vpon me, for ensting my selfe (as thou knowest) about the other Mare, I parted with it to a Cobler of Gortam. A Corecombe of Gortam like your selfe, (said she) some that know you had but weake eyes haue sol'd you, out-far'd you, and Cunny-catch'd you: would I haue bene Cunny-catcht. What I knowe these thre Cheates; would I could finger this Cobler, I would robbe him, I would make him swallowe his Tail. Peace Gillian (said the Bedlar) the next Market day I shall knowe whether they be knaues or no; for now I haue stodd them with a Horse, they will bite at any thing: Be thou quiet, and if I fry not in my Water-pail something or other that shall make them swallowe a Horse-plum, say I'm no Bedlar. Promise me therefore within these two dayes, a very good Dinner, for I shall haue friends come to visite me: let me haue a heast of Meale, a Pig, halfe a dozen of Chickens, and a couple of Rabbits. She said it should be done.

Now the Bedlar had two very faire Goates, in his ground: one of them he takes on the day appointed for the Dinner: which he tyed to a Hedge, leaning it sufficient to feed vpon: The other he leades in a Cord with him to the Market. The Goates were of one bignesse, one colour, and so like one another, it was not possible to distinguish them. The Bedlar was no sooner come into the Market, but the thre Markes that li'd vpon cheating came to him, ask'd how he did, and how he lik'd his Mare they moild him vpon; O said he, I found your wordes true, that I was cozened, and I rid my hands of her. Woe to hye (sayd one of them)

doe you walke by and dolours the Market thus: with a Goat
tyed in a string: Can he doe any trickes: Trickes said he:
I would not lose my Goat for twenty such Pares: to tell
you true my Bulleys, I looke for Cuestre this day, if you will
Dine with us you shall be welcome: when I have bought
my Spear, then you shall see what trickes (if you call them
trickes) my Goat can doe.

So, the Pedlar having bought his Provision of Meale,
Pig, Chickens, Rabbits, Oranges, spices, and other things,
tyed them all very handsomely to the Goates backe, and
sayd, Dirrah hye you home to Gillian, his her dresse Dinner
with all hast and having taken these things from your back,
request her to tye you to a Hedge, for else I know you will
be rambling. The Goats runnes away, as fast as he could,
none stopping him, as thinking it had bene his quality to
carry provision, but being got out of the Towne, he ran
into a Wood, and what became of him, the Pedlar never
knew.

In the end, after he and our thre cheates had drunke to-
gether in the Market, Dinner time drawing nigh, they all
four came to the Pedlars House. He no sooner kep'd with
in doores, but looking at Gillian, ask'd her if she had done
as the Goat instructed her, she being as wily as he, concei-
ved his meaning, and sayd, yes: god chere was at fire, din-
ner was ready, and the Goate tyed to a Hedge in the back-
side was shewne them: At which they blest themselves, and
secretly conspired to steale the Goate from him.

Dinner being set on the Board, they all sit downe, eat, and
welcome, and wondrous merry: whilst their Lath are go-
ing, their tongues are not idle, but wonder at the strange
condition of the Pedlars Goate: asking what Country
Goate it was, he told them of Brecknockshire: you may
sayd hee, well enough wonder at the conditions of my
Goate: they are strange ones indeed: and there is a reason
they should be strange, for it has rost me above five yeares
his teaching: you will moze wonder, if I tell you that I
dare

dare send him into Wales in a packet of letters to my friends, and he shall bring their answers; for he never travels in the day time, but all by night: if he goes abroad with me (as oftentimes he does) and spies any Pedlar of my acquaintance, he will leape, dance, sawn upon him, and lay his horns gently in his lap when he sits downe.

They rise from Dinner, and having an exceeding desire to get the Goat, resolve to steale him, hoping much money might be gathered by shewing him, in other Countries, but the old sole of the Coblers Conscience, being some what mended, because he had cozened him of his horse would by no means steale this from him to, but let us (quoth he) rather all 3. buy him. They aske his price: price sayes the Pedlar: He's worth his weight in gold: a Lord offered me once 50. peices for him, but I refused it; I can to morrow morning have 30. And lesse I will not take. They chide make by the money between them, load the Goat with them, and away they are gone.

Being come home, they shew to their wives, what a rare outlandish Beast they had bought, which they would carry to London first, and so all over England, and get a world of money by him, the women calld them puppies and soles to be: Iden any such lyes as they bragd of: But for tryall of the truth, they charged their wines to drinke such good chere, as presently they would load by the Goate, and so, all to be merry: to the Market they goe, buy excellent meats, and send it by the Goate, bidding him, to tell their wines they must drinke it presently, for they and some friends were to come to dinner. The Goat having his errand, hastens away, byen through the Market, then into the Fields, and at last (as the other) into a Wood, and was never moze heard of.

The 3. wiffe husbands coming home, aske if dinner were ready: What dinner replies their wines: did not the Goat bring home victuals? The Goate Cryes one of the women: the Calves head: said another; the All-head: Quoth the third, an Ore-head: upon this the men lookt blanke, saw they more guld, for hilling the old Pedlar: one of their Wives
laught

laught, to see her Husband make such a thing, the other scolded, the third cryed for madnesse: in a short time all the Towne was in a Hubub; other mens wives clapt their hands at them, their Neighbourhoods hissed at them, boyes howled, They hid their heads, curling the Pedlar, and bestowing reveng. But the shame of so being sold, gild, tech'd o'uer, and cheated, they being Cheaters themselves; they left their owne Towne & came to London, the Butcher toke a Tobacco-shop in Ram-Alley, the Currier an Ale-house by London Wall, and the Cobler sets patches on old shoes, at this house in Roague-Lane at Westminster. The Pedlar at every Faire was commended, for ouer-reaching them, that outstripd him, and Gillians wote extoll'd beyond the wisdomme of all the Witches in Gocram.

The Linker hauing thus ended, a Cobler in the Barge, grumbling that the Linker made a Cobler one of the three Cheaters, would needs tell his Tale next, so silence being cryed, he began to speake, but I thinke you were best, looke vpon him, and note what a spruce Lether-Pegge it is.

The description of the Cobler.

His stature was large and tall,
His limbs well set withall,
Of a strong bone and a broad chest,
He was wide and wildsome in the brest,
His forehead hie and a bald pate,
Well I wote he was a mate
That loued well a bonny Lasse,
For the Clownes eyes were as gray as glasse:
And oft haue I heard my Mother say,
The wanton eye is er'e most gray.
He loued well a cup of strong Ale,
And his nose was nothing pale,
But his snout and all his face,
Was as red as Ruby or Topaze:

Canterburie Tales.

A voyce hee had cleare and loud,
 And well he can sing to a crowd.
 Hee was a stout sturdy Squire :
 And loued eke day good compire :
 Drinke he would with euery man,
 In Cup, Cruze, Glasse, or Kan :
 And what euery day he got
 Hce hoorded vp in the Ale-pot,
 That all Canterburie gan leere,
 To talke of this merry Coblere :
 Therefore now marke me well,
 For thus his Tale began to tell.

The Coblers Tale.

Contayning the jests that passed betweene the Prior of
Canterburie, and a Smith of Saint *Austins*.



He Prior of Canterbury had a Couent of Fry-
 ars Augustines, that were endued with great
 linings from the King, and hee himselfe had
 great reuenewes, that he lived like a Poten-
 tentate, and he was had in great estimation,
 throughout all the Cite: Living thus at ease, pampred by
 with delicates and idleness, the time wastes to Lechery, he
 minded not so much his Book, but that passing one day through
 the streets, he glanced his eyes to see where he might finde
 some handsome Trull that might be his Paramour: many he
 saw, and many he liked, but at last coming by a Smiths
 Forge, he spied a proper tall woman meanelly attyred, after
 the Pouerty of her Husband, but of such a beautifull visage,
 and faire countenance that she pleased greatly the Priors
 eye, that he thought her the fairest in all Canterburie, he re-
 turned home that way he went out, because he would haue a-
 nother looke at the Smiths wife, and as he passed by, hee gaue
 her a curtesie for his farwell, Well, home he went to his
 Chamber,

Chamber, and there be thought him of his new Lone, and cast in his mind a thousand wayes how he might come to his purpose: At last, he sent for the Smith to come loke vpon his Horse, who very hastily hied him to the Priory, where the Prior welcommed him, and entertained him with great curtesie, kissing the Purse (as the old Proverbe is) for the Childes sake, and making much of blacke Vulcan for faire Venus sake, the poore Smith very carefully looke to the horse, and where ought was amisse, amended it: The Prior and all his Conent gaue him great commendations and thanks, and bad him to Breakfast, where he had good chere and Roke of strong Drinke, which made the Smith passing pleasant: as they sate at Breakfast, the Prior told him, such they had made experience of his skill, and that he was cunning about Horses, he was content to make him Farrier of the Priory. At this the Smith was very glad: nay moze, quoth the Prior, because thou shalt haue moze gaires out of the Doxter, seeing thy wife is a good cleanly woman, she shall be Landresse for me and the whole Conent. The Smith hearing this, perceived by the weathercocke, which way the wind blew, shak the head, and began to smile: the Prior demanded of him why he laught: Paryr, quoth he, seeing we are at meat, and myzth is good for digestion, I will tell you a merry test. There was such a poore man as my selfe, that dwelt (as I doe) hard by a Priory, and he had brought by in his house a little Lambe, which growing to a shepe would wander all abroad, and returned home safe at night without any hurt: at last, this little shepe being the poore mans treasure, seeing the Prioris gate open, and the yard full of grasse, went in, and fed there. The wanton Fryars that were sole, would often sport with the Lambe, and play withall, and pulled off the wooll off the backe, that it had almost left nothing but the bare pelt: which the poore man espying, kept by his shepe, and would not suffer it to goe any moze abroad: yet it had gotten such a sweet sanour in the Prioris yard, that as soon as it brake loose, it would thither, where the Prior and Fryers

spying it againe, consented, and eate it vp all: The good man
 came to as he for his shepe, and they laughing at him, gaue
 him no other amends but the hoznes: so my Masters, if my
 wife should be your Laundresse, I warrant you if I came to
 enquire for her, I might haue such les as the poze man had
 for his losse: No no, I am well I thanke you, if my selfe may
 serue for a Farrier, so it is, but my wife (of all men) shall not
 haue to deale epyther with Prio: or Fryars. At this they all
 laught, but the Prio: not willing to gine ouer the chafe thus,
 made this answer. Why Smith (quoth he) thou art a
 sole, thou mayst haue a psonis for that, for though she wash
 our cloathes, yet she shall neyther fetch them noz bryng them
 home, neyther shall there euer a Friar come at thy house,
 onely the Scull of the Witchin, and I hope thou fearest not
 him. So quoth the Smith, they be these bachelles pro-
 men that I stand so much in doubt of: but vpon these con-
 ditons aforesaid, that she shall neyther fetch them, noz
 carry them home, she shall be your Laundresse. Vpon this
 they agreed, and the Smith went to his House and told
 his wife all. Shee that was a willy Wench, thought with
 her selfe, that whatsoener her Husband shal for he should
 catch a Frogge; and that dealt he neuer so warily, yet shee
 would make him one of the head men of the Parish, as
 well as his Neighbours. Shee conjecturing thus with her
 selfe: the next morning came the Scull early (by that the
 Smith was vp and at his worke) with soule cloathes. God
 spak Sir quoth hee, I haue brought your Wife the Prio:rs
 lianen; ah welcome good fellow (quoth he) goe thy wayes
 vp to the Chamber to my wife, she is aboue, and I thinke
 a Bed: the Scull trotted vp the staires and saluted the wo-
 man: spikris (quoth he) the Prio: hath sent you his clothes
 and prays you that they may be done on Wednesday
 next: they shall be done (quoth she) with all speed: and
 (quoth the Scull) his worship wil me in secret to gine you
 a King for a token, and to desire you to thinke that he loues
 you as heartly as any woman in the Worlde; the poze
 woman

woman seeing a gold Ring, and hauing neuer had any be-
foze in her life, held her selfe a proud woman, and be-
thought her what good gifts she should dayly haue if she
had such a Louer as the Priore: wherefoze she returned him
this answer by the Scull, that she had ener thought well
of him, but her Husband was a jealous soile, and watcht her
narrowly wheresoever she went, but as farre as she might
she was at his command. Home went the Scull, and the
Priore was risen by that he returned, and aske him what
newes: what newes, quoth the Scull: marry thus sir,
as soon as I came to the doze, I found the Smith hard at his
wozke, and I saluted him by the time of the day, and asked
him where his wife was, saying, I had brought the Priores
Linnen, goe by the staires god fellow (quoth he) for I
thinke my wife is in Bed, and sir, there indeed I found her,
and surely sir, if you will beleue me, me thought she lay
so louely in her Bed to lye with a Smith; so sir, I gaue
her your token, and told her what you bad me; and she made
answer, that your worship was the man who she had ener
thought well of, but her Husband was a jealous soile, yet
as farre as she could, she was at your command. This satis-
fied the Priores expectation: and on Wednesday morning
when the Scull should goe for his cleane linnen, the Pri-
ore compounded with him, and gaue him a brace of Angels
to keepe his counsell saying, Tom (for so was the Sculls
name) thou knowest all flesh is frail, and we are men as
well as others, though our profession be more holy, there-
foze Tom so it is, that I haue loved the Smiths Wife a
long time, and now may I haue opportunity to fill my de-
sires, I will this morning take thy cloathes and besmeare
my face, and with the basket bye for the cleane clothes, one-
ly I care for nothing, if thou keepe my counsell. Feare not
that sir (quoth the Scull) but I will be so secret as you
can desire; with that the Priore was briede, because he
longed to be there, and on with the Sculls ragges, and
taking the Basket on his necke, hasted him very owerly

to the Smiths House, by that time day did appeare, where he found him hard at worke, God morrow Sir, quoth the Pryor, I am come for the Linnen, goe by the stappes fellows quoth the Smith, thou comest very early my wife is yet in Bed. Up truded the Pryor, and there he found his Paramour in a sweet slepe, the Pryor stode to her and kist her, and with that woe awakt, and seeing the Scull, why how now sir salve (quoth she) can you not speake befoze you come by? My Husband is a wise man to send such Companions by into the Chamber where I am in Bed, there no matter and the match were equal to make him weare the horne for it. Oh, be content good Lene, quoth the Pryor, for know thou, that I am not Tom Scull; but the Pryor himselfe that sent thee the King, who for thy sake is come thus disguised, with that he discovered himselfe, and she perceived it was he, and blisht: he kist her, and so conjured her, that whyles the poore Smith was knocking at the Smithy, he had dubd him knyght of the fozked order, and for feare of suspition, putting his Linnen in the Basket, away he went, bidding the Smith farewell. Thus the Pryor and the Smiths wife contented, and enioying their hearts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a while the worse, neyther did he suspect anything: for the blind eates many a flye, and much water runs by the Mill that the Miller wots not of: so plays it with this Smith: for twice a weke came the Pryor in his Sculls apparell, to his Lemmon. Thus it continued, till on one morning the Pryor was not well, so that he could not goe, but Tom Scull after his wonted manner, went to carry forth the Linnen: and as he went by the way, he began to thinke with himselfe what a fayze woman the Smiths wife was, and how faine he would be partaker with his Maister. Hammering this in his head, on he went to the Smiths house: Now Smith (quoth he) good morrow, is thy wife by? No quoth the Smith, but she is awake, goe by and carry your linnen a Gods name: by came the Scull and rushing in at the Chamber doze, threwo downe his basket, and seeing the Chamber darke that he could

could not be discovered, slept to bed, and entred Commons
with the Prioꝛ, and with that got him away without saying
one word: The Smiths wife marvelled at this, and suppo-
sed he had heard some rustling, and soꝛ feare of her Husband,
had gone away so hastily. Well, within two dayes after
came the Prioꝛ againe, and after his accustomed manner
went by with his basket, and saluted her after the old fashi-
on: I pray you tell me master Prioꝛ, quoth she, what meant
you the other moꝛning, that you came so quiet, and slept away
with such silence after you got out of Bed? By this the Prioꝛ
perceined that the Scull had cut a shive on his loose, and so
thought to dissemble the matter. Faith stout heart quoth he,
I heard a noise, and thought it had bene thy Husband that
had come by: so I considered, quoth the Smiths wife, and
therefoꝛe after you were come, seeing you were frighted with
your owne shadowe, I laught heartily: thus as long as they
durst they chatted, but at last the Prioꝛ by with his basket
and away. When he came home, in a great chafe he sent
foꝛ the Scull, and made inquiry of the matter, the poꝛe fel-
low afraid of soꝛe threatnings, confessed the matter, and cra-
ved pardon: but the Prioꝛ forgetting his pacience, fell upon
poꝛe Tom the Scull, and beat him so soꝛe, that he had almost
kild him: and afterwards swearing him on a Woke, if ever
after he went with any Cloathes, he should goe no further
then the Chamber doꝛe. The Scull agreed to this and con-
firm'd it with a solemne oath: but the remembrance of his
soꝛe blowes, bred in him a mind to reuenge: whereupon re-
solving to doe any mischief to the Prioꝛ that he might, one
day he went very orderly to the Smith, and carried him to the
Ale-house, and there after a long prostration of silence, re-
vealed the whole matter vnto him, how the Prioꝛ every day
came in his apparell to his wife, and so made him weare the
hoꝛnes, while he was busie about his hammers: at this the
Smith fetth a great sigh: alas quoth he, and am I a Cuck-
hold: Why not you quoth the Scull as well as your better soꝛe
Indeed quoth the Smith, and that is all the comfort that I
have

haue, that my betters haue had as hard hay : for the Abbot
 of Saut Peters that is an holy man, had but one Lemmon;
 and yet the was not content with twenty moseles: and I am
 a poze Smith and a lay man, no maruail then if my fortune
 be as forkeed as the rest: but by the holy Rode of Rochester
 quoth he, I will be so reuenged on the Prior, that after I haue
 taken him, he shall hate Lechery the woyle while he liues,
 I quoth the Scull, take heed thou plaguest not me in stead of
 the Prior. To auoyd therfore all insuing danger, if I come
 to moztow, thou shalt know me by this token, I will aske
 the whether thou hast drunke this moztuing or no: if thou
 hearest no such watch-wozd, then know it is the Prior. So he
 it (qd. the Smith) and vpon this they drunke their drink and
 departed. The next moztuing the Smith was carely at his
 wozke, and the Prior that longed to be with his Lemmon,
 was as soone awake, and vp he got, and on with the Sculls
 apparell, and to the Smiths house, and after his accustomed
 manner bade him god moztow, and vp the staires. The
 Smith perceiuing it was the Prior, because he wanted his
 watch-wozd, hied vp presently after him, and toke the Prior
 in Bed with his wife: why holw now Scull quoth he? Will
 no woyle meat goe downe with you then my wife? Beseze
 you and I part, I will learne you how to make Vulcan of
 me, without you were moze like Mars then you be. Wher-
 vpon his man and he (two lussy knanes) kept to him, and
 puld him out of Bed, and thurst him into a great sacke, wher-
 in he was wont to put chaffe: when he had done, carried him
 into the stræt, and layd him downe beseze his doze, and then
 made his wife take a stalle in her hand, and thesh as hard as
 she could: but because he perceined her strokes were layd on
 with fauour, himselfe stood behind her with a great Carters
 whip, and enery time she saluted in her blowes, he lent
 her a lash that he fetcht the bloud throught her Petticoat:
 the people that came by, marvailled at this Antike, and aske
 the Smith what he was a doing: killing of fleas, quoth
 the Smith, that I found this moztuing in my bed, and be-
 cause

cause my wife is so idle and will not strike home, I stand with my whip to whet her on. Neighbours therefore give good eare, and marke the end, and see when my wife hath beaten them enough, and see what soule fleas they be, and by my example learne whensoever you take such great fleas in your wines bed, to put them to the like punishment. The people flocked together to see this sport, and although the Prioress was almost hanged to death (though for favouring of him the Smiths wife beate many a lash) yet he durst not cry, for feare of further discredit, but lay still and suffered all with patience. At last a multitude of people flocking together, it chanced that upon serious businesse, the Abbot of Saint Peters came by, who seeing such a throng, sent one of his men to know what the matter meant. Oh may it please your Lordship, quoth the Smith, such a sight as you neuer saw, wherefore for Christs sake, I aske it, that you would take so much paines, as to come over the way and see: the Abbot kept over the Channell, and when he came and saw the Smiths wife with her dalle, and him with his whip, he wondred, and the Smith told him as the rest, that it was a flea he took in his wines bed: all this while lay the Prioress with a heavy heart, for feare the Smith would wake him out of the sacke: wishing to abide twice so much torment, so he might escape unknowne. As the Abbot, about this matter, stood questioning with the Smith, the Scull that mist the Prioress that past his house, thought the Smith had playd some mad pranke with him, went and put on the Prioresses apparell, and his Coule over his head that he might not be knowne, and went downe to the Smiths house ward, where seeing a course of people, he hastned him thither. At last the Smith spied him and cryed, Oh my Lord Abbot, yonder comes the Prioress of Saint Austins, it was one of his fleas. Well knew the Smith it was Tom Scull, but his wife supposing it to be the Prioress, and that he in the sacke was the Scull that had deceived her, in despight for reuenge layd

on such blowes, that she needed no whipping to amend her
 stonkes. When the Prior came, and after most humble man-
 ner had saluted the Abbot, he desired to know the cause of
 that sight: Parry quoth the Smith master Prior, I may
 thanke you for this, for a flea of your Priorie hath leapt from
 the Doxter to my wines Bed, and finding it there this mo-
 ning, I put it into a sacke, and caused my wife to chese it,
 and for that both you and Master Abbot, and all my Neigh-
 bours shall see what perilous fleas oft happen into womens
 beds, I will shake him out before you all, and with that un-
 bound the sacke, and he chese out the Prior, who being in
 the Scull apparell, was so besmeared and so bloudy, that he
 could not be knowne: Awake here master Prior, quoth the
 Smith, here is the Scull of your Priorie. Oh notable knaue,
 knowe quoth Tom Scull to discredit our house. What thinke
 you of this my Lord Abbot? Is this a sufficient punishment
 or no? Considering by this fault he shall give occasion of
 slander to the whole Priory? He is quoth the Abbot, within
 the Jurisdiction of your censure, and therefore deale with
 him as you list. Parry quoth the Scull, then thus: because it is
 an open fault, it shall have a more open punishment, for if it
 be smothered by thus, they will say that I am a favourer of
 sinne: with that he cald to certaine of his Convent, for most
 of the Monkes of the Priory were come thither, how say you
 byerthen qu. he, is it not best that he stand all this forenoonne
 on the Pillozie, and have a Paper written on his head, con-
 taining the whole matter of his offence? And the Smiths
 wife shall stand under him with her stile, and the Smith
 with his whip: and so quoth the Smith, shall all Canterbury
 laugh at me, that come into the Market place, to proue my
 selfe a Cuckold. No Goodman Scull quoth he, it shall not be so,
 and with that he puld off his Cole, and laid spatters and
 Neighbours, see, here is the Scull of the house, and this, bea-
 ten in the sacke, is the Prior himselfe, that came to my wife
 in the Sculls apparell: at this all the people clapt their hands,
 laught, and made god game to see how simply the Prior stood,
 and

And in what a maner the Scull sat in the Priors abill-
ments. At this sight the Abbot abashed, and the Fryers were
astham'd: but the Scull nothing amazed, began afoze all the
people to say thus: My masters quoth he, I was once a Schol-
ler, though I am now a Scull, and then I learned this old
saying in Latin, Cautē, si non Castē. Live charily, if not
chastely. Be not so forward in your follies, that you discover
your faults to the whole world: and especially was this spo-
ken to men of the Church, for in that they know much, and
dos dehoze others from vice, the people take their lines and
their learning thowt agrē: but when they offend so grossely
as master Prior thowgh his ill example, to bying a whole
house in slander, then are they woorthy of double punishment:
For we know Fryers are men, and I warrant you, there is
a great many in England haue done as much to others as he
hath to the Smiths wife, and yet haue escap'd without discre-
dit: I hope my Lord Abbot, if you enter into your owne con-
science, you can verifie as much, and therefore seeing he was
so carelesse of his credit, let him for ever after (to auoyd per-
petuall infamy of the House) be banisht out of the Priory. To
this they all agrēd, and the people that heard this collation,
said Tom Scull was woorthy to be Prior, whereupon the Ab-
bot and the Fryers consenting, and seeing he had good lear-
ning, turned away the old Prior and made Tom Scull Prior
in his room: thus was the Prior punisht for his lechery, the
Smith reuenged for his Cuckoldry, and the Scull for his
blowes, stumbled on a good promotion.

At this merry tale of the Cobler, all they in the Barge
laught, and said the Smith was well reuenged: yea but
quoth the Cobler, so he was made a Cuckold, and with a hen-
ry head was the poze Smith faine to goe to his hammers,
being ever after noted for a Cuckold thowgh all Canterbu-
ry. There sat a Smith hard by, who grieved at this, that he
should defame thus upon his occupation, and the rather per-
chance he toke Pepper in the nose, because he was of the

same fraternitie, if not with a Prior, yet with some other good fellow, and therefore in a luffe he began thus to reply. Why Cobler quoth he, dost thou hold the Smith in such derision because he was a Cuckold? I tell the Cobler, Kings haue woꝝe the hoznes: and tis a fault that Fortune exempteth frō mane: yea the old Wꝛiters haue had it in such queston, that they haue set dōwne diuers degraes of Cuckolds: there be 8. degraes, & that I can pꝛoue. At this there was a great laughter, and euery man desired him to tell what they were, that I will quoth the Smith, they be these:

The eight orders of Cuckolds.

- 1 An ouer-growne Cuckold.
- 2 A Cuckold and no Cuckold.
- 3 A Horne-mad Cuckold.
- 4 A winking Cuckold.
- 5 An Extempore Cuckold.
- 6 A Iohn hold my staffe Cuckold.
- 7 A Cuckold in graine.
- 8 An Ante-dated Cuckold.

These are the colours grinded, to draw the Cuckolds faces by, now behold the faces themselves.

1 An ouer-growne Cuckold, is a gray Cuckold, an old Ham-headed Cuckold, whose hoznes in their turning are so heauy and crooked, the very tips of them almost run into his eyes. His Coynuto-cap has kept his head warme, some 30. or 40. yeres: (so long his wife has bene an Upholster, and dealt in Feather-beds:) It was a pretty Wit then, the Beast has a racking pace still. If all the Cuckolds in a Parish were to be impanelled vpon a Jury, this is their forsgman. In a voyage to Cuckolds-Pauen, he steeres the ship, and lands first, the precedence being giuen him, for the antiquity of his forshed crest, as hauing bene a Cuckold euer since he entred into the married-mens order.

2 A Cuckold & no Cuckold, is he whose wife is handsome, faire, and well-fauour'd, yet very honest, yet this Bull-caste feares

feares he has Bumpes, yet none can se them: he still saies for knobs on his fore-head, but finds none. One that thinks better of hoznes, than they doe of him. A conceited Cuckold.

3 A horne-mad Cuckold, is a wild Bull, bellotwing and roaring still after his Cow, as if she had a Bze in her tayle, and ran by and down as mad as he. This Cuckold is a māre Tom of Bedlam: if in the Shambles a boy cry but piroh, hee starts, stares, and lokes about him, as if his wife were be hind him: he slepes not in quiet, wakes not in quiet, eates nor dzinkes in quiet; if his wife puts but two fingers daintly into a dish of mince-meat, he sweares she makes hoznes at him. He cannot endure to heare of Salat Lukes day, nor of S. Thomas his night, when the Templers and Jauc-a-Courts-men, blow their hoznes, vnder mens windowes. A Solw-gelder makes him loke pale: if he passes by a Hozners doze, he wounds, and must dzinke Aquavita: this is the sole of Cuckolds, and most woorthy to be laught at.

4 A winking Cuckold, is he, that sees a Cock-sparrow tread his Hen, yet goes away and sayes nothing. An honest, patient asse, that corpes his hoznes as willingly, as a Tanners horse carries his masters hides from Leaden-hall market. A mere hum-drum-lohn-a-dzoiner: who if he papes in at key-hole, and sees his wife curvetting, goes sneaking away like a Dog, with his tayle betwene his legs, with this onely in his mouth, Ah ha, are you there with your Beares.

5 An Extempore Cuckold, is no riming Cuckold but such a Block-head, that his wife on her very Wedding day puts him to spell his name in the Horne-booke. This is a Mellow Cuckold.

6 A Iohn hold-my-staffe Cuckold, has his hozus so high, they run through his hat; A rascall-Were: the basest in the whole Herd of Cuckolds; A Stagge in a City, a Rhinoceros for his hoznes in his Parish, a Pander in his house, a flane euery where.

7 A Cuckold cryed vp, is a paulty, snappish, quarrellsome Piny,

Pinp-hammer, who so wearies his wife with causelesse jealousie, that in the end he gines him cause: He upon the least suspicion, runnes snuffing vp and downe, and hauing found his game, (taken the poze whoze, his wife, in the manner) what does he, but cry his hoznes vp; Arrests his halfe-sharer, (his fellow-Commoner) sweares he will make him stand in a whitis sheet, (when he had done that already) and for his wife he will sirke her soundly. In the end, when all the Courts in the Ciuill Law, haue his name, his head, and his hoznes, vpon Record, then hes qater, takes his tolke a-gaine, and euery night lockes his Chamber-dore with his owne shwing hozne.

8 An Antedated Cuckold, is a fruit no sower ripe, but rotten; this is a harmlesse young Cobhead, who soles himselfe into hoznes: the Pight-mare rides him, the first houre hes married: for the poze credulous Nicodemus, thinking, he has a swete whitt grape, is false vpon a sowze one; no wine is giuen him at his Wedding-dinner but Waffard; and of that his Wyde has begun to him in a Bowle or two, And at night he may pledge her; if he has no maw, no matter, hes sure of a good Coke, that can bring vp his meat py-ping-hot, to his Table. He needs feare no popsoning; for hee has two or thre taffers.

Thus quoth the Smith you haue heard my degrees, and their exposition: and because I will be quit with the Cobler for the Tale of the Smith, giue me leane a litle and you shal heare a merrey jest, but because I will let you know what manner of man he was, befoze his Tale heare his description.

The Description of the Smith.

THis Smith was a quaint Sire,
As merry as Bird on Brier.
Iocund and glesome at euery sith,
His countenance aye, buxome and blith,

His

Canterbury Tales.

25

His face full coaly and full blacke,
 Hued like vnto a Colliers sacke,
 Or as if it had beene soile in the mire,
 Full of wrinkles was his cheekes with the fire,
 Well he could sweate and swinke,
 And one that aye loued good drinke,
 For hard by his Forge alwayes stood
 A stand of Ale nappy and good :
 Which made the colour of his nose
 Like to fire when it glowes :
 His head great, his browes broad,
 Able to beare a great Load,
 As no man might hold it scorn,
 On his head to graft a horn.
 His coates were fit for the weather,
 His pilch made of Swines Leather :
 So was his breech, and before
 A dusty apron he wore
 Wherein not to faile
 Was many a Horshooe nayle,
 And for to fix him euery tide,
 Hung a hammer by his side :
 Thus attyred the Smith gan say,
 What befell on a Summers day.

The Smiths Tale.

Containing a pleasant Iest of a jealous Cobler, and how for
 all his suspition, he was cunningly made Cuckold.

THIS Rumney Parson by the Seaside, there dwel-
 led a Cobler, a merry fellow, and at his middle
 age : who was wont on working dayes, to
 chaunge it out at his wyke, and on holy dayes,
 to bestir his thumps in the Church-yard to mery-
 rily after a crowne, that he was well beloued of all the Corn-
 try wenchies, and noted for the sater of good-fellowship
 throughout all the Parish. This Cobler keeping then for
 him

himselfe, had in house with him an old mother of his, who being as it were his servant, desirous to linge more at ease, wisht him to take a Wife: the Cobler was loath to be persuaded to marriage, and the reason was, for that he feared to be a Cuckold: yet at last he cast his eye on a Country Lade, that was a blith and bonny wench, and the chiefe of all the Maides in old Rumney: to her was this jolly Cobler a Inter, and after a litle wooing (as women must be got with piasles and promises) the Cobler caught her, and married they must be in all hast: which done, they lired pleasantly together, as soles doe presently after their wedding: but after the honeymoon was past, she like a good huswife, fell to her woork, to spin, and card, and such other dedes of huswifery, as belonged to the profit of her house: the Cobler loved her well, and she wanted nothing that might satisfie her humour, onely she was charged by her husband, not to goe abroad gossiping with her neighbours: insomuch that eyther on working dayes or on holy dayes, when all the wivres in Rumney went to be merry, she was faine (as a pryncesse) to keepe home: which although she passed over with silence and patience, so yet seeing his jealousy was without cause, she bowed with her selfe if ever a friend and opportunity served to her mind, to make him weare the house an inch longer than any of his neighbours: but he kept her short for that, for every day when she was at home, she sate by him in the shop, where he sung like a Nightingale, having his eyer on his wivres face, as if she sate within, her mother in law, an old jealous woman, boze her company, if she went to fetch water, her mother was at her elbowe, whatsoever she did, or whither soever she went, to be by hese, her husband, or his mother was at one end, which græved the yong woman: so suspicious and jealous was the Cobler, that all Rumney talked of his folly: and to bere him as they passed by, would say to him, Ah neighbour, good morrow, now that you have gotten a faire wife, we hope to have you one of the Brotherhod, and that the Cuckow in Aprill, may sit and

and sing on your house as well as with your pipe. Neigh-
bours, I feare not that (quoth the Cobler) let her doe her
worst, I will giue her leane meaning that he kept such nar-
row watch ouer her, that he could not be deceiued, and
therefore euery day his Wiffe sitting by him when he was
perking of his shoes, and she at her wheele, then he would
chant out this Song:

The Coblers Song.

When as the Nobility pull downe their Towers,
Their mansion houses and stately bowers:
And with stone and timber make Hospitals free:
Then the Cobler of *Rumsey* a Cuckold shall be.

When Gentlemen leane off their Peacockly futes,
And that all their workes are charities frutes:
Tendring the poore which needy they see,
Then the Cobler of *Rumsey* a Cuckold shall be.

When Vsurers run vp and downe with their gold,
And giue it to them from whom it was pould:
And Colliers sacks ouer greas you doe see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When *Westminster*-Hall is quite without Benches,
And *Southwarke* Bankeside hath no pretty wenches,
When in *Smithfield* on Frydayes no lades you doe see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When Maides hate marriage, and lone to line chaff,
Virgins forsooth till fourescore be past,
And lone not that yong men their beauty should see,
Then the Cobler, &c.

When wines are not wilfull but needs will obey,
 When silent and specklesse they sit a whole day :
 When Gossips doe meet, and no words will be,
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When womens tongues doe cease for to wagge,
 And shoemakers giue not their maker the Bagge :
 When Cuckolds and Keepers want hornes for their fee,
 Then the Cobler, &c,

When Tapsters and Ale-wiues from *Barwicke* to *Doner*,
 Fill thirdeall pots till the drinke doe run ouer,
 When the quart is so full that no froth you can see,
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When Smiths forswere to drinke off strong Ale,
 And liue without liquor while their nose looke pale :
 When in Vintners wine no mixture you see,
 Then the Cobler, &c.

When *Dutch*.men hate Butter, and the *Spaniards* pride,
 When Cardinals doe want a Trull by their side :
 When the Pope like *Peter* humbled you see,
 Then the Cobler of *Rumney* a Cuckold shall bee.

Euery day did the Cobler vse to sing this song, and there dwelled next unto him a Smith, that was a tall and a young lusty fellow proper of personage, of a comely visage, courteous, gentle, and debonary, such a one as this Coblers wife could haue wished to her Paramour, if time and opportunity would haue fauoured her fancie: and the Smith seeing what a smitick touch the Coblers wife was, and what a jealous tole he had to her Husband, sorrowed at the good fortune of the Cobler, that he had so faire a wife, and wished that he could find meanes to haue such a one his friend. Upon this, being next Neighbours, and their houses adjoining together, the Smith would oftentimes (when his leisure serued him)

come

come to the Coblers shop and talke with him; where betwene the Smith and the Coblers wife passed such glances, that he perceiuing there was no want but place and opportunity to fulfill their desires. One day amongst the rest, Fortune so fauoured this yong couple, that the Cobler went forth to buy Leather, and left his wife and his Mother in the shop: the old woman not hauing slept the last night, was heavy and fell asleepe, and the young woman satte singing at her woike. The Smith perceiuing this, layd by his hammers, and went to the Strail, where he saluted his Neighbour, and he returned him the like curtesie.

At last, seeing the old Welsdame was sure, he began to reuole vnto her, how long he had loued her, and how he was sorry that she was combred with such a one, as for his jealousye. aboue all other men desired to be made a Cuckhold: sundry speeches passed betwene the Smith and the Coblers wife, still at last thereto, and gaue him her hand, that she loued him better than any man in the world: and would (if any occasion would serue) to content him. Then sweet heart (quoth he) doe me last this fauour, talke to moztow some occasion to ge to your mothers, and come on the further side of the town, talk by such a waye, and then let me alone for opportunity to satisfie both our desires. To this she agreed, and the Smith went to his shop: presently the old woman awaked, the Cobler came home, and all was well.

At night, when they were in Bed taking him about the necke, she kist him, and told him that certaine of her friends mette moztow at her mothers, and that she would faine goe with them, I pray you ge your husband (quoth she) let your mother and I goe together, I will not part out of her sight, neither will we make any long tariance: the husband so shame could not deny this request, but granted it: wherupon the next mornynge she got her vp, and on with her holy day apparell, and made her wayne as might be: the Cobler seeing this to certen, vp in her steame flament, began to be jealous, and called his mother aside, and charged her by that lone the

bare him, not to let his wife part out of her company till she came home againe, which she promised with an oath: so away they went, and the Cobler he late him dolour and began to sing.

The Smith that all this day was not idle, had compounded with an old woman, by whose house she must passe, to fauour them with house come, and reuealed vnto her all the matter: whose wife it was, and how he would haue his purpose brought to passe: by my troth Sonne (quoth she) I haue heard much talke of that jealous Cobler, and I would doe my endeavour to make the Affe weare a hohne: vpon this they resolved, and the like well of his policie, and said Ione had many thists: at last, the Smith spied his wistresse all in her hjanery, comming with her mother in law, the old wife was ready, and as she pass by the dore, there was a great holwe full of bloody water, right vpon her head, that all her clothes and cleane linnen was marred, being so bewaped that she could goe no further. Alas mistris (quoth the old woman) I cry you mercy, what haue I done: Full soze it was against my will: but for Gods sake come into the house, and thist you with cleane Linnen: if you haue none at home I will lend you of the best that I haue: goe in Daughter (quoth her old Mother in Law) it is a chance, and against a thistod turne sometime, no man may be: He goe home as fast as I can, and goe fetch you cleane linnen, the whiles by you your golwe, and make all things else ready. I pray doe god mother (quoth she) and then away goes her mother in Law: and as soon as she was out of doores, the old woman led her into an inward Parlour where the Smith was, and there these two Louers by this policie made the jealous Cobler weare the hohne.

Whiles thus they were solacing themselves, the old wife she came stumbling home, and for haste had like to breake her necke over the threshold, her fall made the Cobler start: and when he saw it was his mother, and that he mistred his wife, he was halfe mad, asked his mother hastily where

where she was, the old woman thoze twined, was almost out of breath, and for a god space late puffing and blowing to fetch Wind; at last she cryed out: alas here I am such a chanes as neuer was heard off: as we went thzough old Rumney, hard by the Church, a Woman thew out a bolle of bloody water right vpon your Wines head, which hath so bewayed her linnen and her golwe, that she could go no further, and so I as fast as I could, came running home for cleane clothes: oh for the passion of God mother (qd. he) his to her chek, and get her clothes ready, for it may be a fetch to make the poze Cobler a Cuckold; a hoys mother is sone graced: with that the old woman got all in readinesse, and away ran the Cobler and his mother together. Well the two Louers out at a litle hole kept god Watch and ward, that anon they spyed wherethe Cobler and his mother came crudging, in went his Wife, and late her dolour by the fire, where the Cobler found her ouely sitting with the old woman in her potticoat, dzying her gone, as sope as she saw him she wept: and he although he grieved at the mischance, yet for that he spyed her in no company, he was satisfied, and wight her to be content, and sent for a pot of here or two to make her drinke: and after he had sene all well, and his Wife in her cleane apparel, setting them a litle on the way, home he went againe to his shop, and his Wife went to her Mothers, where an houre or two she past away the time in chat, and then returned home with her mother in Law. Thus the Cobler was not suspicious of his Wifes being abroad, but toke her misfortune for a chance, and the Smith every day according to his wonted custome, would come and chatte with his Neighbour the Cobler, and sometime found opportunity to talke with the Wife, but neuer out of the Shop: on a day the Cobler being from home, and the old Woman with in pocking her Hole, the Smith came to the Shop, and finding her alone, began to lay a Plot, how to make her Husband a Cuckold, while he held the doze, she promised she would denise it, she would put it in practice, and so agreed

agreed, they concluded betwixen themselves, and they brought it cunningly to passe, thus :

It chanced within a fortnight after, that as the Cobler and his wife lay in bed, she fell on a great laughter, her husband demanding the cause, she made him this answer, I will tell you husband a strange thing : so it is, that this other day, when you went to buy Leather, my mother and I sat in the shop, and she fell fast asleep, your neighbour the Smith, he (as his custome is) came to the window, and seeing my mother asleep, began to court me with faire words and large promises, and told me, that if I would find the meanes, that when you were out, I would let him lye with me, he would give me forty Billings. I shakt him off as well as I could, but he would haue no nay at all, but threw foure Angels into my lap, whereupon I took the gold, for me thought they were fourefaire pécies, and promised him that to morrow you went forth and my mother too, and then he should find me alone in the Chamber. Upon this he went away, and left me the gold, and therefore if it please you, to morrow I thinke godd you should saue your selfe to goe abroad and my mother too, and then hide you in a Chamber hard by, and as soon as he is come in, you may stand at the doore, and heare all our talke: and when you heare me consent, then breake in, and take the Smith and swing him well, and I warrant you husband, there will diners commodities rise of it : for not onely we shall haue this gold, and get more for amends, but euer after be rid of such a knaue.

This motion pleased the Cobler well, and the rather because the Smith professeth to be his great friend, and yet would sake to doe him this disgrace : upon this conclusion they resolved and so fell asleep. The next day in the afternoon, the Cobler fained himselfe to goe out, and his mother with him, and after coming home, at a backe doore went vp into the next chamber and hid themselves. By and by according to promise came the Smith : and went roundly vp to the chamber, where he found the Smiths wife : wherefore straight smiting

cing the doze with a bolt on the inside, he fell to set by plumes
on the Coblers head piece, the Cobler he very easily got to
the doze with a great Dollaxe in his hand, and began to li-
ken: with that he heard the Smith offer faire to his Wife:
nay quoth she, I haue kept promise with you, for I onely
promised to let you by into my Chamber: Wasth (quoth he)
this is but a canill, and many wordes past betwene them: the
Cobler and his mother standing at the doze, with her nay,
and his yea, till the Cobler had a new brow-antler growne
out of his old hoznes, and then she answered him, sving no-
thing would content him, he should haue his pleasure: with
that the Cobler was ready to rush in, but that his mother
stayd him, and bid him heare further: and doest thou meane
god saith, quoth the Smith: yea, wherfore else (quoth the
Coblers wife) came we into this place: why then (quoth
the Smith) heare what I will say to the: Doest thou thinke
though we be here in secret, that our faultes will not be seene
openly: that though thy husband knowes not of it, and that it
is kept close from the world, that there is not one aboue that
sees all, and will reuenge it: yea vilds trumpet as thou art,
and for this cause came I to try the: thou hast an honest man
to thy Husband, who loues the more dearly then himselfe,
and workes hard to sustaine the that thou shalt not want,
and wilt thou in his absence wrong him? Thinke if euer thou
doest, it will come out, and thou shalt be punished with open
shame: I am thy Husbonds dearest friend, with whom I am
dayly conuersant, and dost thou thinke I could find in my
heart to offer him such iniurie? No, and then art not thou
more to blame, that being the Wife of his bosome, wilt betray
thy Husband, who is dearer to the, then all friends? Fie
vpon the vild woman, fare the well and amend: I will not
tell thy Husband, vntlesse I spy the proue light, but I shall
neuer thinke well of the while I liue, and with that he ope-
ned the chamber doze, and the Cobler chopt in, and taking
the Smith by the hand, said, Neighbour I thanke you for
your good counsell, I haue heard all the communication that
past

pass betwene you and my wife, and truly, and with that the
Cobler wept, I am heartily glad I haue such a trusty friend,
to whom in my absence at any time, because my mother is an
old woman, I may commit the oversight of my wife: and tru-
ly neighboꝝ (qd. he) I pray you thinke neuer the worse of her,
foꝝ she told me the whole matter, and appointed me to stand
at the doore, that when you should haue offered her any dis-
cortesse, I might haue rusht in and haue taken you: so that I
perceiue you are as honest as she, and she as honest as you,
and that your meanings were both alike. I am glad of that
(qd. the Smith) that you haue so vertuous a wife. I hope I
done the part of a friend to pleasure my neighbour: you haue
done so (quoth the Cobler) and therefore ere we part wile
driinke a quart of wine. So the Cobler bestowed god chērs
on the Smith, and euer after accounted him foꝝ his friend, &
whensosuer he went out of Towne, committed the charge of
his Wife to the Smith, who at all times had free agresse and
regresse to the Coblers house, without suspicion.

This Tale of the Smith made all the company to laugh,
and the Cobler he was sharke mad foꝝ anger, saying: that if
it had bin his case, he would haue giuen him wine with a cud-
gell: tuth Cobler (qd. the Smith) neuer thinke but our Art can
surpasse yours in such wenching matters. and that the Smith
can soner make a Cobler a Cuckold, then a Cobler a Smith:
vpon this they fell to farres, and from words had salne to
blowes, if they of the Barge had not parted them: so at last
they were quiet, and made friends. And then the Cobler he
began to intreat that they would goe soꝝward in their merry
exercise, whereupon a Gentleman sitting by, said matters, it
is so good to passe away the time, that to continue so honest a
spot, I will be the next: thus therefore I will describe him.

The description of the Gentleman.

His stature was of a middle length,
Well joynted and of a good strength;

Siken

Siken writes report to vs,
 Was that *Troian Troylus* :
 For he was of a comely visage,
 And his manners of a courteous vsage.
 His haire in curled lockes hung downe,
 And well I wot the colour was nut browne
 And yet it was full bright and sheene,
 Such wore *Paris* I weene,
 When he sayled to *Gracia*,
 To fetch the faire *Helena*,
 His front was of a siluer hue,
 Powdred thicke with veynes blue.
 His eyes were luminous,
 ChrySTALLINE and beauteous,
 Gray and sparkling like the starres,
 When the day her light vp spares.
 His cheekes like the Lillies white,
 Or as *Luna* being bright :
 And yet comely thereupon,
 Was shadowed colour Vermillion,
 That gazers all woulden suppose,
 How the Lilly and the Rose,
 Did maken warre each with other.
 His suercoat was of Satten blew,
 Like unto a Louer true :
 His Hose were garded along,
 With many broad and veluet thong,
 His cloake grew large and wide,
 And a faire whinniard by his side,
 The pummell gelt and on his head,
 He had a bonnet cullor'd red :
 An alder leefe Swaine I weene,
 In the Barge there was not seene :
 And then thus he began to tell,
 What in *Cambridge* a Scholler befell.

The Gentlemans Tale.

Containing the contrary fortunes that a Scholler of
Cambridge had in his loues.

In the Vniuersitie of Cambridge, in Peters Ho-
tell, there lived a Scholler famous for his
Learning called Rowland, who being placed
there by his friends, so profited, that he grew
to be one of the fellows of the House, being
in great estimation for the honestie of his life, and excel-
lency of his learning: he was a man as well proportioned
as he was qualified, and had as well bona corporis as he had
bona animi, and could as well play the wagge & the wanton
abroad, as he could apply his booke and study at home: amo-
rous he was, and one that delighted to feed his eye with eue-
ry faire face, which after turned to his great prejudice, thus.
It so happened on a day in the Summer season, that for recreati-
on he walked as farre as Cherry-hinton, to eate a messe of
Creame, where being very pleasant, as he satte jesting with
his Hostesse, there came in a Gentlemans Daughter in the
Towne, a mayd of exceeding beauty, so well proportioned in
the lineaments of her face, that nature seemed to cry in her an
experiment of her cunning. This girle, as wise as he was
faire, and as wanton as he was witty, came in and questio-
ned with the Hostesse about some businesse: Rowland seeing
such a Simph come sweeping in, thought either Venus or
Diana had come in their Country whos to bewitch mens fan-
cies: he cast his eye vpon the excellency of her Physiognomy
with such a piercing loke, that Lone entering by the eye, so
wounding him at the hart, that forsooth fancy her of force he must.
Now my yong Scholler could doe nothing but gaze vpon
her, for court her he could not, unless he should haue begun
to wooe her with some words of Art, as some Arismes of
Philosophie. The yong Gentlewoman seeing the Scholler
looke so earnestly vpon her, began to blush, and so taking
her

her leane of the hostesse, went her way. The Scholler séing her gone out of doores, thought of the old Proverbe : Faint heart neuer won faire Lady : and theréfoze called to her thus : Faire Gentlewoman (quoth he) you may sée we Schollers haue little manners, that holding the Pot in our hands, will not make such a Saint as you drinke : how say you Gentlewoman, will it please you plodge me ? The wily wench hearing such a Scholler-like gratulation, séing by this salute, that Schollers had read of Loue, more then they could say of Loue : and though they could tell what was Latin for a faire woman, yet could neyther wooe her, nor win her, turned back againe, and with a low curtesie thanked him. He off with his cozner Cap, (for he was a Bachelor in Arts) and with a glauncing looke drunke to her : she like a wanton pledgd him with a smile. Rowland at this taking heart at grasse, kept to her, and toke her by the hand, beginning thus to hold her in chat.

Your Towne here (forsoth) of Cherry-hinton, hath made me oft play the Triuant, to come hither for Cherries, and as mine hostesse can tell, full many a messe of Creame haue I eaten in her house, for we Schollers are good companions, and loueto be pleasant, especially if we might haue the company of such a faire Gentlewoman as your selfe : Theréfoze spikis, if I chance to come to towne to eat a pound of Cherries (if I may be so bold) I would trouble you to take part with me; and if I méet you at Cambridge, the best wine in the Towne shall be your welcome: the wench (that had much ado to képe her countenance) thought to sée him with her faire speeches, till she made him as fat as a fole, and theréfoze made him this reply. Truly Sir, indeed many Schollers come to Cherry-hinton to eat Cherries : but Sir, you are the first man that euer I dranke withall : for Schollers be so full of their Learning, and fine soarimes, that country wenchés cannot vnderstand them, but I for my part, at the first sight like of you so well, that if my leisure serue, when soeuer you come and please to send for me, I will as long as

I dare beare you company, but now forsooth tyme calls me away, and I must begon. With all my heart quoth Rowland, but cruelly we must not part without a kisse, which shee willingly toke at his hands, and went home: where as soone as she came, she revealed all to a yong Gentleman that lay in her Fathers house, who was sure to her: they laughing heartily at the Schollers courting, resolved to make good sport with him ere they had done. But Rowland hee that thought every smile was a fancy, and every maid that laughd on him loved him, conjectured assuredly by the familiar curtesie of the Gentlewoman, that she was greatly affectionated towards him: wherupon he began to enquire of his Hostesse whose Daughter she was, of what wealth her Father was, what Children he had, and what Dowrie the mayd was like to haue to her portion, as a man resolved, the woman was already wone, because she had giuen him gracions fauours. The Hostesse as well as she could, told him all: which done, he payed his shot, and went to Cambridge, where he began altogether to muse on the beauty of his Mistresse, and to lay an hundred plots in his head what were best to be done: at last he resolved to send a Letter to her to signifie his loue: or else to goe himselfe, and to carry two or thre of his fellows with him, and so to discourse vnto her how he loved her; but at the last, he fully determined with himselfe to write vnto her: wherfore taking Pen and Inke in his hand, wrote a Letter to her to this effect.

*Rowlands Letter to the faire Mayd of
Cherry-hinton.*

Missis Marian, Aristotle the great Philosopher; for all his wit, was in loue with Hermia: and Socrates the sage, could not so farre subdune his passions, but that he fell in liking with Zantippa: Schollers as they read much of loue, so when they once fall in Loue, there is no hoe with them till they haue their Loue. The finest glasse is most brittle, and the

the best Schollers soonest ouergone with fauile. For an instance, was not Ouid as deepe in Loue, as he was excellent in Learninge? Bying in these comparisons, Pittis Marian, because the other Sunday being at Cherry-hinton, and seeing your sweet selfe, I was so ouertaken with your beauty and good behantour, that euer since the remembrance of your face could neuer out of my fauile: nor I thinke neuer shall although I should be drenched in forgetfull floods of Lethe. Seeing then my affection is so great, I pray you consider of me, and be not unkind, but let me haue Loue for loue: and though here in the Vniuersitie you see me simple, yet my Parents at home are men of good Parentage, and what I want in wealth, I shall supply in Learning: Ponder with your selfe, and read but the liues and answers of the Philosophers, and see how they used their wiues, with what curtelie, how euer the women were the most masters, and had the Souerainty, which they desire. Thus hoping you will consider of my Loue, desiring you to send me answer, I bid you farewell.

Yours in dust and ashes, Rowland.

When he had thus finished this Letter, he thought to shew himselfe somewhat poericall, and thought a Letter was not woorth a rush vnlasse therewere some verses at the latter end, and therefore he affixed as a Postscript this amorous ditty,

Rowlands Song to his Mistress.

Approach in place *Pierides*,
My vaine in Vertle to bend:
Dame *Chryseis* which gau'st *Homer* sucke,
Thy tender tears me lend.

Alcmena thou which *Ioue* didst rocke,
In Cradle full of Ioy:
Eke swathe me in those swadling clowts,
Account me for thy boy.

Yea

Canterburie Tales.

Yea *Naiades* and pretty *Nymphs*,
That on *Parnassus* dwell:
Lend me your Muse that I may now,
My Mistress beauty tell.

How that in Beauty shee doth passe,
Venus the Queene of Loue:
To whom, if I doe gaine her grace,
I will bee Turtle Dove.

Therefore my Deere conceiue my griefe,
And thinke how I doe loue thee:
And in some lines send mee reliefe,
For Time and Truth shall proue me.

Thus hoping Pen and Paper shall
Thy minde to me short tell:
But Loue mee as I doe loue thee,
And so my deere farewell.

THus hauing both finished his letter and his verse, he sent them by a convenient messenger the next Saturday to Cherry-hinton, and that fozsooth was his Postelle: who very orderly sent foz the Gentlewoman to her house, and deliuered the letters to her, with earnest commendations from sir Rowland. The Gentlewoman in outward shew seemed to accept them as gratefully, as he sent them longingly, and so hyed her home: where presently she called foz her new betrothed husband, and other Gentlemen her friends, and reuealed vnto them how she had receiued letters from her new Louer the Scholler. All they flocked about her, to heare what excellent stuffe was contained in so learned a mans letter: but when they heard how like a Philosophicall sole he wote it, they all in a Synode peremptorily concluded, that the greatest Clarkes were not the wisest men: and I maruell of that, quoth one of the company, foz two reasons: foz the one, I haue heard this old said saw, that Loue makes men *Oratores*, and affections whet:

whetteth on Eloquence: secondly, there was none moze amorous then Ouid (yet a profound Scholler) in so much that he writt thre Bookes De arte Amandi, and so did Anacreon, Tibullus, and Propertius. Yea but, quoth another, as they were schollers so were they well brought vp in the Court, and knew as many externall matters, as they did inward Principles: but betwene my matters, when a Scholler is once brought vp in the Vniuersities, and hath no other bringing vp but plaine Ergo to plod in, noz connerieth with none but his Bookes, and then hap to fall in Love, trust me he will be as ignozant to love, as the Ploughman to dispute, thinking that womens fancies are won with figures, and their thoughts over-reacht with the quiddities of Art: but of all that ener I heard wite, this setteth downe his mind the most simply: and therefore quoth Marian, shall he be answered as folowly, for I my selfe will be Secretary. Say quoth diuers of the Gentlemen, we will put in our verdit with you: So quoth she, try but a womans wit: that's knowith enough quoth one of them, and stepping to her staudith she wroth thus.

Marian of Cherry-binton, to Sir Rowland of Cambridge, healeth.

What Sir Rowland, I receiued your letters, wherein I perceiue that Schollers in Love are like to a Sow with pig vnder the Apple-tree, which either hastily must haue a dyab, or else lose their litter. If I bring in a Countrey comparison blame me not, in that I am a countrey wench, and haue none but plaine countrey Logick, but whatsoeuer I wite, I meane well. Indeed rightly you say, that the finest glass is most brittle, and the best Schollers soonest pinched with Love, which I thinke to be true: for as soone as euer I saw you, how your eyes waited vpon my face, as an object of your delight, I take you to be too wise, kind and amorous: and therefore letting euer since you haue bene passionate, it were great pittie that you should not haue for your paines (euen as we be in a homely pzonerbe) A countrey sackfull of Love: and therefore you induce me to thinke

toke

well of you, that you bying in the examples of Aristotle and Hermia, and of Socrates and Zantippa, whereby you seme to promise, that I shall as they had, enjoy the Souerainty; and that if I be like them in conditions, you will be as suffering as they in patience: yet will I neyther be so prond towards you as Hermia, for she rid Aristotle with a snaffle, like a hoxe: nor so waspish as Zantippa, for she crowned Socrates with a Chamber-pot, but betwene both: and so wishing you hope the best, I bid you farewell.

Yours neuer, if not euer, *Marian of Cherry-hinton,*

After she had done her Letter, that she might seme to haue no whit behind him in any good will: she leaned her head on her hand, and in a poetical fury wrote her Louer these verses.

Marians Verses to Sir Rowland.

Fare not my deere the stormes of Loue,
For they are passing fower:
And sometime sweet as hony Comb,
And all within an hower.

Like to a Sunne-shine Summers day,
When *Phobus* shewes amaine:
And yet ere night from tawny Clouds,
Doth fall a shower of raine:

So whatsoeuer chance betide,
Or whatsoeuer fall:
If Father frowne, or Mother chide,
Yet you must beare with all.

For why? the Cuckow doth not come,
In *April* Month more sure,
Then I will fixe my Loue on thee,
For euer to endure.

Thus wishing thee to thinke on me,
In Study or in Street:

I bid you heartily farewell,
Till we in *Cambridge* meet.

Having thus ended her Song and the Letter, she calls the Convocation of the merry Gentlemen, and shewed them her humour in prose, and her daine in verse: asking if she had done it knaughtly enough: yea quoth her betrothed husband, and so exceeding well that you shall stand for foure and twenty knaves till Christmas next. With quoth another, womens wits are like Sheffield knives, for they are sometimes so kane as they will cut a haire, and sometime so blunt as they must goe to the grindstone. What is (quoth the second) when you persuade them to silence or obedience, talke with them but in that doctrine, and they are more dunces.

Thus they began to descant of womens wit: but the Gentlewoman twily enough, lest them all, and went and layd by her Letters till Saturday sparke: then she went to his Hostesse, and delivered them to her, earnestly intreating her, if she saw Sir Rowland to conuay that packet to him. The Hostesse promised her to doe it faithfully, and effectually: and away to Cambridge she went, where scarce she was set with her duncer and her milke, but she spied Sir Rowland come singing unto the Parked hill in his wide steeved gowne, and his cozier Cap, she needed not to call him, for he straight found her out, and she at some delivered him the packet: Sir Rowland thankte her: and away he went to his study to read the contents: but it was too farre to Peters Hostell, and therefore he cald in at a Taverner by the way for a pinte of wine, and there he opened the Letter, which when he had read, he perceived by the contents the loaned him: for he being simple, perceived not how she had dealt with him: taking euery self for a sentence, he thought himselfe the master of all worldly content, and that Fortune could not aduance him higher on her wheele, then to haue so faire a lady to his Paramour. Then diuided ouer her verses, and in a sweet passion praised her Poetry, commended her wit: saying, for stature she was lono, for beauty Venus, for Cleu-
ning

ning and qualities Pallas : thus in meditation of his letter, and his Lone, late poze sir Rowland, from eight a clocke, till eleven, and then hearing the Hostell Bell ring to dinner, for feare he should lose his halfe-penny chops, he put vp his letter into his pocket, and went his way. After dinner he fell to his old vaine: got alone to be solitary, and then late ruminating on the good successe of his lones, accompring it rather to his profession, then his fortune, for he thought none so faire, chaff, nor rich, but a scholler might win with his Logicke: thus he passed ouer day by day, in sending of letters to his lone, and diners times resorting thither, but seldome could he speake with her, so that she fained some excuse, onely when she ment to laugh, then she was for his company. But it fell out, that one Saturday about the rest, sir Rowland met her in Cambridge, and finding her with other of her neighbours, saluted her, and would needs welcome her to the Towne with a pint of Wine, which she took very kindly, that she might loch him vp still in his vaine hope, and forsoch to the Tauerne shee and her companions went with him, where they had good game at our Cambridge tower: but Marian taking him aside, told him that her father and her mother had intelligence of their lones, and as farre as she could coniecture, it was by his hostesse: therefore she wold him not to make her priuate to his secrets any moze; nor to come to Cherry-hinton but when she sent for him, which should be as often as opportunity would serue, hoping, though her father now were not forwarde, yet in time he would consent, & specially if he saw him master of Artes: with this the scholler rested satisfied, & they dranke their Wine and departed. Thus betwene them passed on all the Summer, till the depe of winter, about Christmas, when she on a time and the rest of the Gentlemen, desirous to be pleasant, determined to haue some sport with the Scholler, and so caused Marian to send a letter for him, that he should come that night & speake with her: which she did, and he (poze soule) no sower receiued it, but in all hast bried him in the frosty evening to Cheryhinton, where when he came, he straight spake with Marian, and she wold him to stay in an old Barne, while

whils her Father was at Supper, and then she would conney him into a backe Court, where he should walke hard vnder the Chamber doze, and then when her father were in bed she would let him in. The Scholler stode there a while, and Marian came strait and conducted him into a square Court, where Rowland rested him till her father should goe to bed. The night grew darke, and with that passing cold, so that Rowland wared weary of his standing, and with that her father were in bed: there stode the poore Scholler shaking and trembling in his joynts, till it was eleven of the clocke: then saw he light at the doze, and he heard Marian call him: oh blessed houre thought he, that now I shall goe both to a good fire and to my Loue. Sir Rowland (quoth she) be still a while, my father and my mother is gone to bed, but my brother and two Gentlemen more, are by at Cards, and they haue but a set to play, and then they will to their rest: alas sweet heart (quoth he) I am almost starved for cold, yet the hope that I haue to enjoy thy presence, doth comfort me, that I take all things with patience. The Gentlemen that stode hard by and heard all this, laughd at the Scholler, and by they went againe to their Chamber to be merry, but still walkt poore Rowland, beating his hands about him for cold, and expecting still whē his Louer should call him: well, there he trauerst his ground still like a Pery. patecian, and only had the sight of the Heauens to contemplate, till it was about one of the clocke, and then came they all downe againe to laugh, and as sone as he saw the Candle at the chinke of the doze, he began to be comforted, and came thither, shaking and beating of his teeth so soze, that he could not speak. Where are you sweet hart (qu. she) alas, how sozry am I for thy distresse, thinke that the hart in my belly is as cold for grieve, as thy joynts are with the frost, faine would I haue thee come in, but the losers will not part play, and so they sit still, therefore I hope thou wilt weigh my credit. Wh Marian (qu. he) & his teeth jarred one against another, that they could scarce vnderstand him, I am like to perish with cold, yet were it twice as frosty, & the night thysse as long, I would walk here rather than procure thy disparagement: gramercy sweet

loue (quoth she) and with that we bid him be still a while, and the Gentlemen all fell a laughing, to heave how kind a sole the Scholler was, and with what patience he bid Penance : Oh, quoth the one of them, that is but an experient of his Physio-
sophicall principles, for he reades in Tully :

Non oportet sapientem in aduersis dolore concidere.

I (quoth the second) and Mimus Publius giues him this Counsell.

*Aduersis proba, ut fortunam, cum neceffe fueris,
Patienter insulsauiem feras.*

You say well (quoth the third) but let him for me make instances of himselfe for such axiomes, I will rather be a warme sole, than so cold a Philosopher. Thus they gan descant vpon the poore Schollers misery, till the Clocke strake thre, and then as they were comming downe, they heard a noyse at the doze, which was this poore Rowland, craping vnder the shade for warmth, his teeth beating so lowd, & they might heare them easily by the skaires, all this moued not my yong Epitrosse to pittie, but encreased their laughoe. Alas as he heard them come down the staires almost dead, he called out, who is there ? Oh sweet heart, it is thy Marian, quoth she. Then for Gods sake, quoth Rowland, take pittie of my life, for I am almost dead, doe but open the doze, and let me sit here vpon the Rayes, that I may haue some shelter from the cold. Alas, quoth she, sweet lous, thou shalt and thou wilt, but when the doze is opened, it makes such a noyse, that it wakens the whole house. Rather quoth he, let me suffer death then you be discredited, for if I were to abide the stone of Sisyphus, the wheele of Ixion, the gripe of Prometheus, and the hunger of Tantalus, yet had I rather pocket vpon all these tortures with patience, than bring thy credit with in the compasse of the least preiudice : at this period she left him, and vpon they went, smiling at the constancie of Rowland. The Gentlemen they were aslepe, and went to Bed, and Marian, (as farre as I can coniecture) thought it were somewhat before

befoze the marriage, that night made tpyall of her new betro-
 thed husband, where from thoe, she lay with him till nye, and
 then it waked daylyght, and she rose: and remembryng her lo-
 uer went downe, opened the doore, and found him almost soue-
 lesse: there wiping her eyes as though she had wept, she per-
 swaded him that she was the most sorrowfull woman in the
 world for his sharpe frosty night he had suffered, protestyng she
 was faine into an ague for feare and grieve she had taken to see
 him in such distresse, and could by no meanes redress it: but
 good Rowland (quod she) he content, bide the to Cambridge, & take
 some hot byrches, leaue by this meanes thou fall into a sicknesse,
 and then for feare I dye: no quod Rowland, and he could scarce
 speake of gae, feare not me, for the hope of thy after fauours will
 be a sufficient comfort for me: and with that taking his leaue, for
 his cold nights worke he had a kille, and so departed. Well, as
 weak as he was home he stumbled, and got to his Chamber, and
 discomered to a friend of his, how he was like to perishe of an ex-
 treame cold he had taken, if he did not so much for him as to get
 him a Physitian, who straight went and brought him a Doctor,
 that with inward potions, and outward oyles and unguents so
 wrought him, that he recovered him to his former health, al-
 though very hardly: for he was so frozen in his loynes, and so
 nipped in his muskels and sinewes, that if his Physitian had not
 helpe god, he had perished. It was almost a quarter of a yeare
 befoze Rowland was frolicke againe: in which time Marian
 thinking she had lost her louer with a nut, sent him a present of
 apples to winne him againe, which he receiued so gratefully,
 that he bawled the worth of them worth a Fellowship, eating
 them with an extraordinary taste, that he imagined them as
 sweet as Ambrosia, and all, for that they came from his Marian.
 Thus continued Rowland in his amorous humour, untill such
 time as Marian sorrowfull must be married, and for that it was
 Advent, there was no asking in the Church, but they procu-
 red a Licence the day befoze. As she and the rest of her friends,
 which were invited to the Nuptials, were merrily jesting, oh
 Lord (quoth she) I had almost forgot my selfe, so sorrowfull must
 be

be the Wedding, and the Wyde is yet at Cambridge: why Gentlemen it were no bargaine if Rowland were not here, therefore quoth she, I will send for him, and lay such a plot that he shall be with vs all Dinner, and yet taste none of our meat. I pray you quoth her Husband, let vs see your cunning in that. Alas quoth one of the Gentlemen, poze Rowland is credulous, and whatsoeuer Pistris Marian saith, he thinkes it is Gospell, but if he will be so simple, as to think that his last nightes worke is not a sufficient warning, he is worthy of whatsoeuer befalls. Well, vpon this Marian sent for him, and come he did in the Evening: where, to make my tale shorte, she made him to walke in his wonted station till one of the Clocke, then she let him in to a good fire, where he well warmed himselfe, and she loungly sate by him, discoursing of the last nightes worke that he had done so patiently: at last she commanded the maid to lay the cloth, that they might haue some quelque chose for a reate Supper, which they went busly about: for Rowland said, he was very hungry. As the cloth was layd, and they ready to sit downe, the wench came running in, and said that her master was rising, and seeing the light of the fire, was coming into the Parlor. Alas, what shall I doe quoth Marian? Wipe me somewhere quoth Rowland, whiles he be gone to Bed. Come quoth she, here stands a new truncke and a large, come, skip into it, and I will for a while rake by the fire, and goe to Bed, while the old man be fast asleepe: With that Rowland whipt into the Truncke, and she lockt him in, and straight in a pleasant humour, went to her new Husband, where she lay all night, and left Rowland safe shut vp for startling. Still lay he expecting when she should come: but hearing nothing, and extremely weary, for very grieffe he fell asleepe till the next morning.

When the poze Scholler awakt, and entred into consideration where he was, he began to be halfe in suspicion that he was mockt and abused: Still he lay patiently, till he heard them of the house say, God morrow Pistris Marian, God send you a good day to day: the Sunne shines faire, you shall haue a clere day

day to your Wedding. This word went as cold to his heart as a knife, that Marian should be married, and he made a sole to suffer such disparagement of his credit: yet as before he was patient in extreames, and so resolved with content to see the success of his abuse. Well, to Church goes the Bridegrome, and the Bride, with all their friends attendants, and married they were with great solemnity: this done, home they come to Dinner, and after they were set and placed in the Parlour where this Trunke God, they fell to their Viands, which were very sumptuous. The Gentlemen bidding reach downe the Pig, the Capon, Goose, Swan, Turkey, Pheasant, Vicar Venison, and such dainty eates: all this heard Rowland, and being passing hungry, wished he had a leg of the worst of them in his hand: Till he lay almost famished and smothered, till the tables were taken up, and boyds shifted, and they fell to dancing. All this heard Rowland, and hearing the musick, fell asleepe vntill supper time, and then he awakt, and heard how they layd the Tables, and went to Supper, where they were passing pleasant, and the more, so that they meant to make sport with Rowland after Supper was done, which continued not long, so that they made the more haste, so that they meant to be merry. When the cloth was taken up, the Bride fetcht a great sigh: what wise quoth the Bridegrome, why sigh you? In a durance: repent you of the match? No (quoth she) but I haue a blot in my Conscience, and now before you all I meane to reueale it. I was once beloued of a Cambridge Scholler, who loued me entirely and suffered much for my sake: then from popnt to popnt she recompted vnto them the whole discourse of the lones and fortunes passed betwene Rowland and her, whereat the company had good sport.

A man he was (quoth she) wise, proper and well proportioned: and for prose, take this key, open that trunke (quoth she) and you shall see his picture.

Rowland hearing this, arm'd himselfe to suffer all, and so the Trunke was opened, and he rose out like Lazarus from his graue. God Lord (quoth the company) what is this a Spirit?

In nomine Iesus vnde venis? Epurgatorio (quoth Rowland.) And with that all the people laught while they could sit: At last when they were weary with laughing Rowland had silence, he boldly sayd: Thus I am glad Gentlemen, that my mishap hath made you so merry, and that Mistresse Wyde hath so large a plaine song to run descant on, Caueat Emptor; this is but a Comedie, but looke for a Tragedie whensoever it falls. And so he went out of the doore soze ashamed that he had such a kindly scoffe. The company laught well, and he patiently went thynking how fortunate a man he should be, if he might liue to reuenge. Rowland at this misfortune had an insight into the world, and began to wære wiser, that in thort time he began to haue as much knowledge in worldly affaires, as in his booke, and was (for his good behauiour, and pleasant wit) highly had in estimation, not onely amongst Schollers, but amongst Townesmen, that in all the Vniuersitie he was called the Gentlemanlike Scholler. Liuing thus in good credit, and yet discontented, because fortune favoured him with no opportunity to reuenge: it so fell out at length, that Marian coming euery weeke to Cambridge, espyed amongst the Schollers, one whom she cast her eye on, and thought him the properest man in the whole Vniuersitie: Well, she counted it but a glance, and thought as lightly to passe it ouer, as it sleightly entred: but she found Loue, though he eured in by grant of curtesie, yet he would not be thrust out by force of extremitie; insomuch that she could not content her selfe without, but with the sight of her new friend, which was done so manifestly that the Scholler perceiued it, and aiming at the fairest, one Saturday seeing her in the Parket, offered her a quart of Wine, which she toke gratefully, and began to be very familiar with him, insomuch that befoze they part, force of Loue made her so shamelesse, that she was content to yeld to his request, so that time and place would serue without the disparagement of her credit.

Vpon this they concluded, that Master Awdrey (for so we will call him, should grow familiar with her Husband, and by that meanes, should haue a better meanes to the quieting of his mind.

mind. Upon this determination they departed, and he so brought it to passe, that he not onely was acquainted with her Husband, but so familiar, that he would carry Paster Awdrey often from Cambridge with him to Cherry-hinton, and I hope you doe imagine hee was no little welcome Guest to his wife: Being thus fitted in this in their passions, onely watching for place, and lingring off the time, at last it was concluded, that she should come on a Saturday to Cambridge, and saine to stay with a Kinswoman of hers that dwelt in the Towe, and so lye with her all night: this stood for a sentence, and so the next weeke was decreed. In the meane time it so fell out, that Paster Awdrey and Mr Rowland being of great acquaintance, and such pivate familiars, that nothing was holden too secret betwene them. Paster Awdrey smothering this toy in himselfe, thought to pertake it with his friend: and so as he and Mr Rowland were walking, he revealed unto him the love that had pass betwene him and Marian, and on Saturday was the night when his posse should come into esse, desiring him to tell him where he might have a House fit for such a purpose. Sir Rowland hearing this, smild, which made Paster Awdrey to enquire the cause of his laughter: whereupon sitting downe upon the grasse, hee began to recount unto him the whole discourse of his Loves with Marian, and what sundry abuses he suffered at her hand, to the great and viter infamie of Schollers. P. Awdrey hearing this, sate a great while in a Palse, at last he said, and will women be Crocodiles, to wepe rose-water and vinegar at one time, til delay in extremes, to love without reason, and hate without cause? Wh the follie of men to be surh, to such painted Sepulchers, whose painted sheaths hold leaden blades, whose skins are glozious like Panthers, but haue deuouring paunches. By that God that dyed that infortunat female from that fortunat Adam, I hate her as extreemly as I loved her earnestly: and I will not onely yeeld the opportunity to reuenge, but I le toyne issue with thee to perforce it to the bittermost.

At this Rowland was tickled with inward joy, and taking Awdrey in his armes, protested such humble service for that friendly promise, as ever should lye in his ability to execute. Thus in this determination of reuenge, they cross the fields to Trompington: and there they eat a messe of Créamo, whither by chance came one of the Doctors, with whom both Rowland and Awdrey were very familiar: him they had in, and made as good chere as such a simple Ale-house could afford, and there in priuate reuealed to him all their practice, desiring his furtherance in the matter. The Doctor promised to doe what in him lay for the execution of this merry action, and there amongst them they laying and confirming the plot, they went altogether home to Cambridge, where they pass away the time pleasantly till Saturday came: and then according to promise was Marian there, and met with Awdrey, who entertained her with all the curtesie that he could, spending the day at the Tauerne whyles night came, and then he carried her to the house appointed, such a Subaudy domus as was fit for such a purpose: and there they slept. In the meane time Rowland had sent a Letter to her husband in Awdreys name, that his wife being not well, was faine to stay at her kinswomans all night, and desired him to come to her the next morning, and that her father and the rest of the Gentlemen would come with him, for that they should see Rowland taken in bed with a pretty wench. This Letter in all haste was conueyed to Cherry-hinton to her husband, who reading the contents wared somewhat iealous, because he had sene very familiar curtesie betwene Awdrey and his wife, and thought Whollers were his fellowes, and could deuise many Sophistications to make a man a Cuckold, but he concealed his suspicion to himselfe, and shewed the Letter to his Father in Law, and the rest of the Gentlemen, who as they sorrowed his wife was not well, so they were all glad to see such a comical fortune of Rowland: her husband taking every word for his aduantage, said, he would be there by foure of the clocke to see Rowland taken vp. Thus they all agreed, and were gone by two of the clocke, where we leaue them coming to Cambridge:
and

and againe to Marian. who after Supper sate by late, but Awdrey fild her full of wine till she was almost drunke, that she was very heauy, and desired to goe to Bed, which she did, and was no longer layd but she fell asleepe, and Awdrey slipping out, put out the Candle and sent in Rowland, and bade him now goe to his mistris: he went into the Chamber, and lockt the doze: and Master Awdrey stole out of the house, and went to his Chamber, leaving Rowland with his Paramour: where I thinke moze for enuy of the man, then for Loue of the woman, perhaps he duhd him one of Paris Priesthood, who soeuer it was, he descryed not how it was, but both fell asleepe: on the moze, row by foure of the Clocke, was Marians husband, her Father and the rest of the Gentlewen at Peters Hostell, where finding the Gate open, they went to Master Awdreys Chamber, and rapped him vp, who quickly slipping on his cloathes, welcomed them, and went with them to find out the Doctoꝝ, who watching for their comming already, was with a dozen Masters of Art well appointed walking in the Court-yard, and presently went his way with them, and came to the house where Rowland lay: the Doctoꝝ knockt, and bade open the doze: who is that quoth the good wife? The Doctoꝝ quoth he: open the doze and that quickly, or I will beat it downe: the Good man came stumbling downe in his shirt, and the good wife was so amazed that she could not remember to tell her guests. The Doctoꝝ came in, and by the direction of Awdrey, went straight vp to the Chamber: who be here (quoth the Doctoꝝ?) None sir (quoth he) but a stranger and his wife: beat it open with a Helbert quoth the Doctoꝝ: and with that for haste Marians husband ran against it, and the doze fell downe and he in to the Chamber: with that Rowland coue red her close, and stepping out of the bed in his shirt, asked what they meant. Ah sir Rowland (quoth the Doctoꝝ) I am soꝝry I haue diseased you this moꝝne, I thought full little to haue found you here, what is the cause you lye out of the Hostell to night? Truly sir (quoth he) I was late abroad this night, making merry with my friends, and so I was faine to take by my Lodging here. How

doe you sir Rowland, quoth Marians husband and her father, I
maruell we see you not at Cherry-hinton. Wh masters quoth
he, when there is another Comedy to play, loke for me, but if
you remember, I promise you a Tragedie first, when that is
studied, I warrant you I will visit you: for Marians lying in
Bed, and hearing all this how she was betrayed, and had layne
with Rowland all night, and how her Father and her Husband
were there present, thought surely now Rowland to the bitter
most would be reuenged vpon her, so that she fell into a great
sweat for feare. The Doctor that had his Lesson taught him,
said, well sir Rowland, had it bene any other but you, that had
bene taken abroad, and in such a suspected house, he should haue
gone to the Towle both: but since you haue no other company,
farewell. Awdrey jogg'd vpon Marians husband, and as they
were ready to goe out of doore, tush Master Doctor quoth he
but I maruaille you examine not who it is that lyes with him,
it may be a pretty wench. What? is there one lyes with him?
Yea, marry is there sir (quoth he) and with that stepping to the
Bed, they tooke off all the cloathes, and there lay his wife in her
smocke.

Sant e amen, quoth Rowland, who is heere?
Haue you scene such a chance this yeere?
What a Woodcocke come so soone,
From *Cherry-hinton* to *Cambridge* before noone,
And found a Cuckowes nest
Is this Masters (in earnest or in iest?)
That Rowland so earely in a morne,
Should make a knaue weare the horne:
What man! Be not agast,
For you cannot call backe that is past.

At this all the Schollers fell a laughing, and sir Rowland late
him downe in his shirt (and to make the matter vp, that it might
be a right blacke *Santus*) while they laught, cryed Cuckow.
The Gentleman seeing his wife, and the Father his daughter,
they

they were in such a maze, that they stood as men senselesse: they fell out a weeping, the Schollers a laughing, the Gentlemen a fighting, and still Rowland kept his wench, and cryed Cuckow: at last Rowland began thus. Why you my masters and friends of Cherry-hinton, did I not promise you a Tragedie, and haue I not now brought it to passe? I hope this Dame, and you all, remember my frostie night, and how I was brought out of the Trunke: now am not I reuenged well, haue I no: had my pen, my woorths? Yes villaine (quoth the Gentleman) and first the woioze shall dye: and with that drawing out his Rapier, he would haue kild her: but the Doctor sayd him, and she protested she knew not how she came there, but thought she had bene at home in her bed. Upon this all the Schollers perswaded the Gentleman, that Rowland did it by Pegromantie, and that if she were the honestest woman in the world, Magicke were able to doe as much: Rowland soz very pittie affirmed it: and so they perswaded him not to waide further in the matter soz his owne credit, but to clap it vp with silence. She wept, and twyng her hands, and her father sate and shed teares: but at last, by perswasion of the Doctor, and the other Schollers, Rowland and he soz all this were made friends: his wife and he agreed, as a man perswaded she was faultlesse, and that it was done by Pegromantie: and so all merrily went to the Tauerne and dzunke, they going to the Colledge, and he to Cherry-hinton, with full resolution neuer moze to let his wiffe come to Cambridge, soz feare of the Schollers Art Magicke.

This Tale made them all heartily laugh, enery one commending the policie of the Schollers that had inuented so good a reuenge. The Cobler he marked all very diligently, and swoze there was not a moze sound Historie in all the Legenda aurea: well, it made all the Barge merrry, yet seeing they began to be all in a dumpe, one cryed who is next? Marry that am I (quod the Scholler, and he began to settle himselfe, whom I can best describe thus.

The Description of the Scholler.

A Man he was of a sober looke,
 Given much vnto his Booke :
 For his visage was all pale,
 As Clarkes tellen this tale,
 That mickle study makes men leane,
 As well as doth a curst queane,
Apollo radiant and sheene,
 His patterne long had beene :
 For well skild was he
 In verses and in Poetry.
 In *Palmeſtric* he had ſome lore,
 In other Artes mickle more,
 Mickle could he ſay at each ſteuen,
 Of the liberall Artes ſeven,
 Of the Welken and the Axle-tree,
 Whereon the Heavens turned bee :
 Of *Mercury* and *Charles* waine,
 And of the *Beares* twaine:
Calisto and her Sonne conueyed thither,
 Which to Sea-men ſhew the weather :
 When *Nepſunus* with his Mace,
 Will make ſmile *Amphitrites* face.
 Many other matters of Sophiſtrie,
 Could this Clarke in ſecrecie.
 He could alſo ſpeake of Loue,
 Of *Paphos* and of *Venus* Done,
 And perhaps though he were a Clarke,
 Yet he could ſkill in the darke,
 As well as a man of Lay degree,
 To dally with a Wench in priuie.
 His Attyre was all blacke,
 But why doe I longer clacke ?
 This Clarke gan report
 His Story in this ſort.

The

The Schollers Tale.

Containing the sundry misfortunes that two *Sycilian* Louers had, and how at the end, their passionate sorrowes came to a pleasing successe.



When the King of Tunis was beaten out of his Kingdome, and sought to enter againe by force, Iacomine Pierro, and Alexander Bartolo, two Noble men of Sycilia, and both of Palermo, for the good will they bare the King, prepared certaine tall Barkes, and with their ayde, mangle his enemies, placed the King againe safe in his kingdome: which done, they returned againe to Palermo. This Iacomine Pierro had a woman called also Iacomine, and this Alexander had a daughter called Katherine, these two being Neighbours children fell in love together, insomuch, that Iacomine noting the beauty of Katherine, seeing with his eye her outward excellencie, and hearing with his eares her inward vertues and perfections, entered with such deepe insight into her qualities, that he refused in himselfe, she and none but she, should be the Goddess of his Affections: and on the other side, Katherine seeing her eye with the desired object of his person, and with delight pleasing her eare with the generall fame that ran through all Sycilia of his curtesie, affabilitie, and valour, determined that none but Iacomine should enjoy the store of her beauty. These two Louers being such a sympathy of agreeing Passions, lived a long while with looks, bashfull both to discover the essence of their Loues: yet at last Iacomine taking heart at grasse, finding one day fit place and opportunity, discoursed unto her, how ever since his eyes could entertaine any amorous thought, the Idea of her beauty and vertues remained imprinted in his heart so deeply, that none but she could satisfie the end of his incessant desire: which was no other, then the honest and honourable content of marriage. Katherine who was as willing as he was desirous, told him, that upon that condition, whensoever their Parents should

agree,

agre, she was ready to be at his command. Thus they loved and ended, and all in a short space, for that time parting with a kisse. This sweet content of thought continued a long time betwene these two Lovers, insomuch that Iacomine resolved shortly to breake the matter to her Father, to whom he knew the match would be most pleasing, for that old Iacomine and Alexander loved together as Brothers.

Whiles thus these two Lovers held their demand in suspense, there fell a deadly jarre betwene the house of the Iacomins, and the family of the Bartolos: insomuch, that not only all Palermo, but almost all Sicilia was in an uproare: for each took armes against other, and being men of great Warrtage, friends took parts, and they began to bandy, that they fell to a flat civill dissention. This disagreement betwene the Parents, although it was a heart-breake to the two Lovers, yet could it not at all disparage their affection, but the greater the mutinie, the deeper was the impression of their minds. But by this meanes their meeting was hindered: yet Love being a pynny searcher of secrets, found them out a crevice betwene two Wallles, which parted their Houses, and there oft times they met and parlyed, hoping till some end would grow to this dismall dissention; but as the fire encreaseth with the Wind, so this jarre grew greater by time, that the Lovers lost all hope ever to have consent of Parents: insomuch, that wholly in despair of an unitie, they concluded to forsake Sicilia, and to goe into Spaine, where they had both friends, and there to remaine till their Families were accorded. Upon this resolution, Iacomine provided him a Barke, and layd it ready in the Haven, and when the Wind and weather was faire, gave a watch-word to Katherine, and so got her aboard, hoisted Sayles, and away they made towards Spaine: they were not long gone, but they were missed, and by all possible conjectures knowne to be slipt away together, for divers manifest instances were reported of their Lones. The Fathers fell both into deepe passions, Iacomine having but one Sonne, and Bartolo but one Daughter: peache griefe of their unkind departure did so worke in their Fathers

there minds, that each intended moze mischief to other, as it were in reuenge, that the broyles grew hotter. But as they assented, so thele two louers accorded enery way, looking for no other place, but y^e Coast of Spaine: but Fortune that delights to spoyle her selfe in y^e variable accidents of Loue, brought it thus to passe. They had not sayled thre dayes from Sicilie, but that there fell a great calme, and certaine Gallies that were Rovers vnder the King of Tunis, espied this Sicilian ship, and thinking to haue some rich Prize, made out, and gaue onser, commanding them to yeld; the Sicilians (being calme) could not make way from them, but yet although to weake, stoutly denyed to be moued, and fought it out to the bittermost, chiefly Iacomine, who was sore wounded: but at last, they of the Gallies entred, and bestowd the Prisoners vnder hatches, and then went to rife the ship, where they found Katherine all blubbered with teares, and almost dead for feare, her they took for all her pittifull shrikes and cries, conueyed her into the Gallies: which Iacomine seeing, whose beauty, that he was ready to die for, yet so sore he was hurt, that he could not, but was faine to suffer her to be carried away, whiche the mercy of the Goddess pleased to transport her: when they had rifed the ship and found nothing but passengers, away they went with faire Katherine, determining with themselves to giue her for a present to the King of Tunis, whom they knew did loue a faire woman moze than halfe his Kingdome, and so faire a creature as Katherine, they were sure he neuer saw before.

Vpon this they made sayle toward Tunis, and when they were arrived, the Captaine of the Gallies causing her to dresse her in her richest attire, went with her to the Kings place, where when he was admitted to his Highnes presence, humbly on his knees he craved pardon, as one that contrary to his Maesties lawes had bene a Rouer and a Pirate on the Seas: but notwithstanding that course of life, was come to submit himselfe, and hauing taken that Gentlewoman as a prize at Sea, desired his Maesty to accept her as a present. The King whyles the Pirate was telling his tale, kept his eye still on the

the Gentlewoman, whose beauty he found such, that he thought her some heavenly creature shrowded in some moztall earkas. The King not onely thanked the Pryate for his Present, but gave him fre pardon, and a Letter of Part, with many other rich gifts, so that he returned richly rewarded, and then turning him to Katherine, he took her in his armes, kiss her, and gave her such entertainment as in all Royaltie he could. But nothing could make her cease off from teares, having still her Iacomine in remembrance, which she held for dead, which the King perceiuing, commanded that she should be carried to a Pallace of his, standing fast by the Citie wall, and there placed and attended vpon with all diligence, untill she might be comforted, and thither when it pleased him, he would hane recourse. Seated in that house, there she led a solitary life, washing her cheekes euery day with teares for her paye Iacomine, who likewise wounded as he was, was brought to Tunis, and there left in the Chyrurgions hand, where he was healed: As soon as he might well goe, he went as a man to solowne by any doore the Citie, looking euery where if he might see his Katherine: whereupon he resolved to passe from place to place, e is to end his dayes in trauell, if he did not by narrow inquisition find her out: getting therfore his bag and baggage in a readinesse, he was going out of Tunis: and as he passed out of the Gates, he cast his eye vpon the House where Katherine was, who at that time was looking out of a Casement, he spying her, and thinking it should be she, ran in a rage. Katherine seeing him, and thinking him to be her Iacomine, was almost ready to fall doونه in a swoone: thus stood the two Lovers at gaze; at last Iacomine called Katherine: Iacomine (quoth she) and with that she clapt her fingers on her mouth and made a signe, that for that time he should depart. Backe againe went Iacomine to his Hostelle, as merry a man as might be, and there staid till it was something late in the evening, and then going to the Palace, sought round about the house, and there found a backe window into a Garden, where they might conveniently talke, he had not stayed there long, but Katherine came to the window,

bold, and there, after a bolle of sighes, quencht with teares, they began to discourse their fortunes since their departure. Katherine told unto Iacomine, how she was ginen by the Pyrates to the King for a present, and how he had placed her there, reseruing her for one of his Concubines, and that she looked euery houre, when he would come to deflowre her. Therfore (quoth she) Since we are man and wife, and as we haue liued together, euen so let vs dye together, and enjoy thou the chastity of that body, whose soule hath borne euery thine in all amitie: I respect not the King, nor what his Loxures can doe, therefore at night come hither to this place, when it is darke, climbe vp on the Wall, and so on this Tree, and thou mayst easily come into the Caloument, which for the same purpose thou shalt find open. At this motion Iacomine was glab, and so departed, and at the time appointed, came: and being made moze nimble by Love and desire, he leapt by the wall lightly, and so into the Tree, and from thence into the Caloument, where he found his Katherine ready to receive him: banquet him she could not, so fast any might heare, but feast he did with kisses, or whatsoeuer she might affoord to his amozous desires, so that in the end, so Well they went, and there with pleasure recompensed their former misfortunes.

None hauing thus advanced her Champion: Fortune enuying their happynesse, meant to haue one thing moze at them, and brought it to passe, that the King that night resolved to haue the company of Katherine, and therefore after all his Loxes were at rest, toke with him his Chamberlaine, and certaine of the Guard, and went to the place where she lay: coming in by a backe Gate, hauing Keyes for euery doore, at last opened the Chamber where she was, and there drawing the Curtains to behold his Goodwife, he saw where she lay with a young man in her armes fast asleep: the King for anger was ready to haue kild him, but yet he did qualifie his fury with a royall patience: and called his Chamberlaine, and the rest of the Guard, and shewed them this sight, demanding of them if any knew the young man: they all answered, no: but supposed he was some

Stranger. The King straight commanded, that certaine of his Guard should watch them, and as sone as they awak't, carry them to Prison, and let there in the midd of the market place be erected a great stake, and in the afternone there let them both be consumed with fire: the Guard obeyed the Kings Commandement, and he went away in great choller, and highly discontented. The King departed, these Lovers slept sweetly till the morning, and then they awoke, where presently they heard a rustling of wen, that straight told them how the King was there, what had happened, and what he had commanded: therfore they made them rise, and then bound them, and carried them away. The two Lovers were no whit dismayed at this newes, but embracing and kissing each other, comforted themselves in this, that they should as they liued together so dye together, and that their Soules no; Bodies should neuer part.

Straight were they carried to Prison, and the stake was aprouding, whereupon the rumour of their burning came about the Citie, that against the houre appointed all the Citie were gathered together, and sozth at last was Iacomine and Katherine brought, and bound to the stake backe to backe: They earnestly desired that they might be bound face to face, but it could not be granted, which grieved them: but they comforted themselves with chérfull wozds, resolving to suffer death with patience. All the Citie was gathered together, and stood gazing on them, and pitying them that so sweet a couple should fall in such fatall extremity: the poze soules ashamed and hanging do loue their heads, expecting euery minute the beginning of their Martyrdome. As thus the fire was ready to be brought, came the Lord high Admirall of Tunis by, and seeing such a concourse, demanded the cause: the people told him as much as they knew. He on his foot-cloth came to the stake, and looking vpon them, seeing them so lonele, asked of them, of what Countrey they were: Of Syccilia sir, quoth Iacomine. With that the Admirall staring earnestly in his face, called to his remembrance the fauour of old Iacomine his father. Of what place in Syccilia,

Sycilia, my friends, quoth he of Palermo: Thy name quoth the Admirall: Iacomine quoth he: Why thou art not (answered the Lord) the sonne of Iacomini Pierro? Yes quoth he: and this the Daughter of Alexander Bartolo: And if quoth Iacomine, you know these families, dar but so much for us as to speake to the King that we may be bound face to face, and so dye, for life, that we hold incozup: Although the comentors were appointed to dispatch them by an houre, yet the Lord Admirall charged them not to yte any fire to the wood till his returne; which they promist, and alway gallopt the Admirall as a madman through the straits to the Kings palace, where when he came, he found the King in a great rage discourting to his Lords the villany of Katherine, that admitted a stranger into her. The Admirall, giving a little way to the Kings rage, at last slept in, and on his knees begged the Lives of the two Lovers, but the King, three times denyed him: Then said the Admirall, O Royall Sir, if you put these two strangers to death, you are Cruell to your selfe, false to the Honour of all Kings and Princes in the world: I know you would not be called an Ingratefull man, to have ten Kingdomes moze given you, if you kill this swete couple, if you part the deare hearts of these two Lovers, the Sunne cannot looke vpon a man moze vthankfull; so when you were beaten out of Tunis, and got what Forces you could of adjacent Countries, to re-instate you, old Iacomine Pierro, this young mans Father, and noble Alexander Bartolo, the young womans Father, (both Sycilians and of Palermo) with hazard of their lines and fortunes, fought for you, and set you vp againe, and will you now be the murderer of the two old men, by taking from them such deare Jewels as their Childzen. Loke into your selfe, and see what the fire of Love has wrought in you: In them it has bene so powerfull, that to embrace one another, freely they forsooke Country, Father, Mother, Friends, and have run into a thousand dangers, and must fire now be the last, vicerly to consume them:

The

The King hearing this, sent for them, their pardon in the Market place was proclaimed, people shoute for Joy, the Lovers were with unspeakable joy brought before the King, and kneeling downe to his mercy, He embraced them, kiss her, and made much of him: And charging them, to commend him to both their Parents, him his Knights, and taking a Ship with treasure, sent them home, where they were with all gladnesse, welcommed; The two Fathers upon this grew friends; the Lovers were married, and lived in Palermo, in the abundance of all happynesse.

This Tale of the two Syclian Lovers being ended, made all the Company, as glad, to heare how well the Lovers sped, as before they were sorrowfull to consider their Tragicall misfortunes; A Sea-man therefore sitting in the company, sayd thus: My masters, because this Gentleman the Scholler, (who can deliuer his minde better then I) hath told his Tale of two Lovers taken by Pirates at Sea, I pray giue me my turne to, being a Creature lining by the Sea, and let my Tale be next: with all our hearts they all Cryed. My story shall be but short (sayd the Sea-man) because, hares a merry King and many of vs, but first looke vpon the sparriner and behold his face.

The description of the Sea-man.

HEe was a fellow browne of hue,
Sun-burnt in his face he grew,
Well set, strong of Limbe and Bone,
Yet right and yare as any one:
Skill he had, the Helme to Reare,
And o'th Ships Decke to domineere,
Each Tacking, little rope, and line,
He could finde, when was no shine,
Of Sunne or Moone; in stormyest night,
He could trim his Sayles aright.

His

Canterbury Tales.

53

His Compass could he at his heart,
And knew what Winds blew in each part;
The Starres he had as true by name,
As if at Pont he heard the same,
And with his fingers poynt, could tell
In what house every Starre did dwell,
As here the great Beare, that the small,
Such Starres are fix'd, such shoot and fall,
(At least they Sea-men, downe to slide.)
There does the bright Orion glide,
The Taylors yard, and the Starres seaven,
Is he acquainted with in Heauen,
As well, as those seaven Starres (the signe
To tell within, is sold good Wine.)
Shelves, Rocks, Gulphs, Quick-sands, could he shun,
And i'd maine Ocean his course run,
By his good Needle and his Chard,
Blow grumbling *Boreas* nere so hard.

The Jew-mans Tale.

In the Uniuersitie of Oxford, there sometimes li-
ued an ancient Gentleman, a great Scholler, and
of great Reuerence in respect of his age, and pla-
ces of Office and Honour which he had borne a-
mongst the Colledges, his Name (for he was in
the Winter of his Life, Daughterd) being Sir Lionell Asper-
noone: Lands and Livings he had in some Shires in England.
Three beautifull Daughters he had, married to Gentlemen of
good rankes in Cambridge shire, and but one only Son, whose
name was Sebastian.

The old Knight being stricken by Rheumes, and feeling that
his weake and weatherbeaten Ship of Life could not hold out
long, prepar'd himselfe for a better Journey, and to put in at
Heauen: So that setting his estate, he by his last Will and
Testament, appoynted his Sonnes to be his sole Executors, and

instructed him in all his Lawes, as his Heire. Yet lying on his death-bed, after many other instructions how to beare sayle in the troubles of the world, he enjoyned him to prync in his many thre Wysements especially: The first was, when he did marry, he charged him, albeit he should neuer so much loue or dote vpon the beauty of his wife, yet neuer to trust her with his pryncate intentions, nor by any meanes to reueale any secret of consequence to her. The second was, that if he neuer was blest with a Sonne of his owne, then not to Adopte another mans Child, as one of his begetting, nor at any hand to make him his Heire. The third, that he should neuer put himselfe into subjection, to any man, of what greatnesse or power soeuer, that ruled the Helme of his Countrey as pleased himselfe, but rather to trim the Sailes of his owne Ship, and be a faithfull Pilot in the Navigation of his businesse by himselfe.

These Wysements beinge giuen, and the Soune bowing to performe them, the old Knight dyes. The Soune hauing a Masse of Wealth, Renewelles, Plate and Jewels, and being in the prime of his youth, lusty, brane, and full of spirit, thought it much to lye alone, but to marry some faire Gentlewoman, yowthfull as himselfe, and of good Parentage, for her Portion he cared not, so he might please his eyes. And because he would tempt any such Creature the sooner, to come vnder the Arc of Medlock, he with his money got him a Knight-hood, so that who now but Sir Sebastian Aspernoone? Fate, or Fortune, or I know not whether it were the little blind God of Love, brought him to a delicate Creature, a young Gentlewoman (a Squires Daughter) her name Elinora; The twining boyage was not long, but married they were, and our young Knight, is not more fond of his Life, than of his deere Love.

Long they liued, and as long they lored; But that Cable at which all married Couples lye at Anchor, with most content, was wanting, for in thre or foure yeres together, they had no Childzen. Hereupon, others to their fates, much pittying that two such godly Trees, should haue faire Leanes,

and no Fruit, and they themselves lying in their Bed, as much grieved that they ploughed by a Sea, which returned them no Traffique. In the end they both resolved to take some other mans Doune, of paye Parentage, and to make him his Heyze, contrary to the Commandement which his dying Father inioyned him to. A yong stripling therefore he took from a paye Widow; handsome was the Boy in face, well proportioned in body, and of a good ingenuous disposition; his name was Marmaduke; who as with his supposed Father and mother he grew up in yeares, so he in behantour pleased them the more.

This iouiall Knight, lining at ease, fulnesse of Fortune, and glotied with all the pleasures of his owne Countrey, as Hawking, Hunting, Hozle racing, Cock-fighting, and such like, besides seeing Playes at London, and bytaging his wife acquainted with other Ladies and Gentlewomen, and the fine girls of the City; was weary of England, and determined with his Lady and adopted Sonne, to see some other Countries. In the life-time of his Father, he had bene in Italy, and could a litle speake the Language.

In Italy he called the Garden of the World, and thither thought his Lady went with him, to behold the beauties of the brambona Robaes there: Huncy, by Exchange is to be sent him, rich Apparell for him and his Wife, with a competent number of Followers, are provided; a Ship gotten to carry them, and aboord, aboord hey, cry the Parriners, so that in a short time the (Wind being faire) with a merry gale they arrive in some part of Tuscany.

The Great Duke of Tuscany was a yong Gentleman, and exceedingly given to the Pastime of Hawking; The report of this English Knight and his faire Lady, comming to the Dukes Ears; he was desirous to see them; They are sent for to his Court, and come; the Duke in discourse with Asper, noone (liking him the better because he spake Italian) conceived so extraordinary an Affection towards him, his sweet proportion, behaviour, and graces of mind, that in

at that tyme, the Duke made him his Companion, his play-fellow, his second selfe, and he so wonne vpon the gallant Italian Courtiers, that he lay as deere in their bosomes, as in the Dukes.

Waking he loued as well as the Duke did, and in that same tyme he shewed himselfe both expert & noble. Upon a day when our English Canallero, was retired alone into his private Chamber, he began to call to mind, the fauours of this Princely Duke; with what a loue gale of Wind, and in how smoth a sea, he sayd in his Court, doated on by the Duke, embraced by his Courtiers, admired by the Italians, and beloued of all men. Then he considered how blest he was in Marmaduke his adopted sonne, he praised his feature, his Loue, obedience, and humble (yet generous) carriage towards him. And vpon these two thoughts, Lord (said he) what a strange man was my Father! How was he abused in his Judgement! How did his Death bee make him doate! What melancholy, or rather what madnesse, got by to the top of his braines, to read such a Bedlam Lecture to me, when he was to get out of the world, and I to enioy all that he left behind him? Why did he most foolishly introyne me if I had no children of mine owne, neuer to make a stranger mine heyye? Is not Marmaduke a good boy, an obedient sonne, a louing youth! And why so fast must my wife Dab, saye this me to subiect myselfe to any Lord, or to fauour vpon his humours, who commanded his people and Rats as he pleased himselfe? Can any King vpon Earth so doate vpon his Favourite, as this great Prince of Tuscany does vpon mee? Does the Duke keepe his Subiects in awe, and am not I master of his Passions? He is the Duke, but his Diadem stands on my head: well, my dead Father, I am glad thou art gone because thou wert no wiser; Two of thy Lessons I had tole, Nature, false, and vnnecessarie to be listned to; and what the thirde? Marry so sooth, neuer to trust my Wife with a secret. Alas (good old man) let women make much of thy head, for thy wits were long since eaten before thou wentst to thy graue. Not trust my Wife? Is she not faire? Is she not yong? Is she not honest? Does

Does she not lye with me : Does she not loue me : Does she not kisse me : Does she not embrace me : Yet I haue any secret from her : Was she not left her Countrey, Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Aunts, Uncles, Cozens and Friends to follow me, and shall any thing lye in my heart, which I will not utter to her : No, no, I must trust her, and I will trust her.

Upon this resolution, he left his Chamber, and went to the Dukes Pallace, and coming to the Pearch, where stood a great number of brace Fawlfcons, he took the fairest secretly away, (such a one as the Duke esteemed above all the rest,) brought her to a dore friends House, and there left the Bird, closely so he kept from the eyes of any man, till he himselfe eyther came, or sent for it by some good token. This done, he goes to his owne Lodging, and having Fawlfcons there, wings off the necke of one, and bringing it to his Lady, saide : Sweet heart, thou knowest the Duke loues me, yet of that fondnesse of his am I so weary, it kills my heart, that I cannot when I would, be master of my selfe, and my owne man. To get therefore some more libertie, I haue done a tricke to make him fall out with me, and so for a while I shall be at quiet. What tricke (quoth she :) I haue (saide he) kild his best Fawlfcon, looke you, hereto : I pray the dresse it, and we both will eate it, for the Dukes sake, and drinke to his health in rich Palermo Wine.

Worped out the Lady (Mistress Sebastian) what haue you done : you are lost for ever ; this is a villany not to be pardoned : call you this a tricke : A tricke to breake your owne necke : to haue a Relett in your guts, or poyson in an Italian Ballet : if the Duke heares of this, thou (Ally Creature) art but a dead man. Peace saide (quoth he) none in the world knowes it but you and I : nay (sayes she) for my part, cut out my tongue when I part of it. Well, the Fawlfcon is drest, they both sit downe, but she swooze not a bit of it should goe into her belly ; he intreated, and intreated her but to taste it ; So, if he would hang himselfe she would not : Hereupon, he by with his hand & struck her on the face : The blow made her mad, the Fawlfcon flew out of the Platter, the Trenchers one way, Table cloth another,

Plate at his head, Glasses to the ground, and crying for anger, swore to be even with him: The next morning, (nothing being able for all he could doe, to please her all night) he went to the Duke, and told him how basely her Husband had recompensed his favours in killing his best Fawlcen. The Duke enraged, without hearing him speake condemnes him to be hangd, and his goods to be confiscated and divided into thre parts: the first to his Wife, the second to his Sonne, and the third to any one that would be his Hangman. He was to dye the next day.

The sweet fac'd youth (his Sonne) pondering in his minde, the Sentence of the Duke, made account if his Father were hang'd, it would be better for him; he would to England, and live like a Gentleman, he was no Father of his; All his Lands should be his, and hang let him. Nothing sticke in his stomacke so much, as that any stranger, that had a heart to bestirre his fathers Gallowes and cure him off, should have a third share in the Goods, as well as he, or his Mother.

To his mother he therefore cowed (and sayes) Mother is it not better that I play the Hangman, and with ease dispatch my father, and so gaine that third part, which some base Italian Rogue, will else carry from you and me too. Yes (sweet Boy) quoth she, I like thy care, thou art a loving Sonne, and when thy father is under thy fingers, dispatch him as soone as thou canst to put him out of his paine.

The gracious stripling, went to the Duke, begged the hangmans office, wh'ch the Duke between a frowne and a smile granted him.

The Knight being in Prison, Iron'd, and expecting Death, sent privately to his friend that had the Fawlcen, intreating him, when he saw him passe by to Crecurio, to stop to the Duke, and intreat him but to heare the Prisoner speake, before he dyed. This his friend did. Then Sir Sebastian seeing the villany of a wife, and what misery he was fallen into by his ing subtle to such a Prince, remembred his fathers Councell:

and

and sayd ; now deere father , I see mine owne folly and thy wisdom : A Wife thou bidst me not trust, nor to warne my selfe too much in the Sunne-shine of a Great mans favour ; I haue done both, and now must lose, my Honour, my Fortunes, and my Life. Let thy Ghost pardon my disobedience in not following thy Councell: when I am dead, I will come to thee, and on my knees beg thy pardon.

Being in the midst of this meditation, his officious and most dutifull Crackrope Sonne Marmaduke, came to the Prison, with a company of browne Bills to guard him, and like an ingraterfull hard-hearted Rascall, sayd thus: Father, sithence it is the Dukes will you should dye, into whose hands can you safelyer fall than into mine, your dutifull Sonnes: my intents are honest, loving, and good, not to suffer some Rakehellly Stranger, to share with my mother (your deere Lady) in your Goods, if any such Rascall will undertake to hang you. Now my deere father, to keepe off any such to lay a fowle hand vpon you, what thinke you, if I (because your Gods shall still continue in your Name) take that charitable Office vpon me: O my carefull Sonne (quoth he,) what father had euer such a fozward Child? Hadst thou not come thus to comfort me, I had dyed unwillingly where now I shall take my leave of the World with a ioyfull heart, because at my parting I shall last of all receiue a kind farewell from thee: Doe then thine office, and so kissing him, the Boy take a Cord, and put it about his fathers necke, counselling him to dye like a Gentleman, and an English man.

Away is the Prisoner led, with his hands bound, and the Rope about his Necke, and being brought to the Gibbet, the Ladder he mounts, the yong Hangman face stradling on his wooden Curtall, and bid his father pray: who turning his face to the people told them why he was to dye, and that his wiues tongue had brought him to his end, his onely comfort being, that his sweet Sonne, would rid him out of the miseries of the World: some wept to heare him, some were ready to sling stones at the Hangman: but were prevented by the Prisoners friend,

friend, that kept the Fawlcen: soz he going to the angry Duke begd on his knees, soz his friends life, wept, and offered to be hang'd hymselfe, if the English man were not innocent.

Upon this he was fetcht from the Gallows his Cozd still about his necke, and the Caruifer (his Sonne) attending. Being before the Duke, he falling humbly on the Earth, acknowledged the infinite fauours, and high graces, receiued from his Highnesse, he being unworthy the least: and that he should deserve to be tozue in peices by wild hoxles, should he so spitefully stir by a Tempest in the calmes bolome also excellent a Prince, what he had done, was to try conclusions vpon this Myscepis, which his dyng father intoynd him to, (and so relates them.) The Fawlcen butouched, and bawnyssed was presented; the Duke felt about his necke, soz gave him, and was ashamed of his rash believing a false woman; The hutter was snatcht from the Fathers necke, and cast about his cursed Sonnes; the Duke commanding the Boy should forthwith be trussed by; But the noble Knight begd his pardon, which was (at his request) granted, and then thus he spake to him: O my adopted Sonne, because I haue loued the, I cannot hate the; yet how to bestow the I knowe not: albeit, thou gladly wouldest haue bene my Executioner, I will be thy Preseruer: yet how am I troubled in my mind: If I saue the, I shall be pointed at soz a foole: if I cast the away, Heauen will chide me soz spilling thy Blood: I will neyther be pittifull nor cruell; neyther punish the, nor pardon the: betwene these two will I goe, take thou this Cozd (bound now about thy necke) and in stead of my gods which thou didst gape soz, be that thy Portion: weare it euer, to tell the thou art a villaine, and to greeue the no more. He went away cursing: The Lady took a Hammer, and both dyed miserably: and then the Knight liued merrily.



